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The Week

IN the Government's monthly statement of our foreign trade, it is naturally the summary of results for the fiscal year ending with June which attracts attention. The figures are very remarkable. With our merchandise exports $1,960,000,000 greater than in the preceding fiscal year and larger by $3,828,000,000 than in any similar twelvemonth before the war; imports $461,000,000 beyond all precedent; a surplus of exports $1,500,000,000 larger than in 1916 and five times as great as in any year prior to the war—the statement merely serves to emphasize the increasing powerful commercial and industrial position into which the United States was brought by the circumstances of the war. It once more shows why this country's enormous loans to the European Allies not only represent political wisdom, but are in line with sound economic policy. Even with the huge international credit counterbalanced by these loans—which are in the nature merely of deferred payment of these obligations of Europe to the United States—we have also imported very nearly a thousand million dollars in gold as a basis for the expanded credit necessitated by the country's active industry.

IT is the statement for the month of June, however, which bears in a more interesting way on the existing situation. One of the economic phenomena displayed in every European belligerent state when the war broke out was a sudden decrease in the export trade and presently an abnormally large increase of imports. Manufacturers who had previously supplied foreign markets had to turn their machinery to making war material; and the need for munitions and foodstuffs from abroad was so greatly increased as to place all these countries at an unprecedented disadvantage in the market for international exchange. In June the United States had itself been at war for two months; but its export trade, in a month which is usually marked by decreasing shipments to the foreign markets, was not only more than $100,000,000 greater than in any previous June, but exceeded the total of any month on the record, except last January. The surplus of exports over imports was half as large as the ordinary total export surplus in a full twelvemonth, in years before the present war. There is no mystery about this remarkable achievement. The things which this country produces are the things which Europe must have, whether we are ourselves at war or not. It is quite true that, although the increase in quantities exported, as compared with the period before the war, is very great, the rise in prices has a considerable part in the comparison. But the question of an international credit balance, and of a given country's power over world finance, depends on the price as well as the amount of the merchandise exported.

WHAT shall it profit a nation to call its judges hard names and say their wings ought to be clipped, and then do nothing against them when it has the chance? In 1912, Massachusetts Republicans came within 4,000 votes of giving Roosevelt an "even break" with Taft in delegates for the Chicago Convention. One of the Colonel's loudest explosives was labelled "recall of judicial decisions." It was aimed at the power of the courts to declare laws unconstitutional. Five years later, Massachusetts is having her first opportunity to take a whack at the fossils on her benches, and what does she do? After vigorous oratorical bombardment by Socialist, labor, and lawyer delegates in her Constitutional Convention, who declared that the people were distrustful of the courts and that the courts were usurping power and misinterpreting the will of the people, a bombardment that reached its culmination in a scintillating speech by a district attorney, the smoke was allowed to clear away—and revealed the judges unharmed. Just 37 delegates voted for what was left of the original resolution to restrict the power of the State Supreme Court to declare laws unconstitutional, 137 delegates being registered against it. Two other resolutions having the same general purpose were not so much as put to a vote.

IT would not seem to require much urging to persuade a President to "speak some public word that will give hope and encouragement" to the American negro, but Woodrow Wilson's attitude toward the race has thus far been outwardly so unsympathetic that only his utterance of the word will dispel doubt of his willingness to say it. There is cause for gratification, however, in Mr. Tumulty's statement to the delegation that called at the White House last week, that the President has consulted department officials regarding better protection for our negro citizens. The petition presented to the President and Congress is an appeal from the States to the nation. It merely stands upon the record when it observes that "the States are either unwilling or unable to put down lynching and mob violence." It asks, therefore, that these acts be made Federal crimes, by statute if possible, by Constitutional amendment if necessary. Special point is given the petition by the lynching of a man not a negro, in the North, not the South, for a cause that is not clear. It can no longer be argued that lynching is a peculiar institution of the South. It has been resorted to in almost every large section of the whole country. Yet the States have done almost nothing except debate the question. Small wonder that those who furnish most of the victims are demanding protection from Washington.

NOT only Dr. Jenny writes sarcastically (in the *Täg-liche Rundschau*) of the contrast between our boastful talk of ten million men and our pitiful 120,000 volunteers. The New York *Staats-Zeitung* was in tears the other day over its belief that if it should be held unconstitutional to draft men for foreign service, we should have to wait indefinitely for a volunteer army. The next morning we learned that the total forces under arms are 809,000—and not a drafted man with the colors yet. This is exclusive of 40,000 men in the officers' training camps. The army and navy had scarcely 200,000 men when war was declared, and the National Guard has been so completely made over that it is almost true to say that 500,000 men

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have volunteered and been accepted in four months. The ratio of rejections is such that not less than a million have offered themselves. When our 687,000 drafted soldiers are sent to camp we shall have a million and a half men under arms.

THE Senate Committee on Foreign Relations conferred recently with Cabinet members about arrangements to make aliens eligible to the draft. Senator Chamberlain wants to take a short cut—he thinks such men should be called out arbitrarily, unless the diplomatists of the nations concerned intervene, and he would punish those who would not serve. Instead of a short cut, this would be a road to all manner of international complications. No doubt Senator Chamberlain means it in the best spirit; but it would seem to be actuated by the same ugly belief, paraded by the local German-language papers, that all Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Russians here are "slackers" waiting to step into the shoes of Americans called to war. Senator McCumber has reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations, and had passed, the proper measure. It calls upon the President to obtain permission from foreign nations in the war to apply the draft to their citizens here.

SENATOR REED is just entering upon a new six-year term, and hence can go on acting like a Missouri mule for a good while to come. It is different with the two Senators from Georgia. Hardwick is on the last third of his term, and Hoke Smith is almost half-way through his. The former, an "open, avowed, and mistakenly courageous" opponent of the Administration, has, according to the Macon *Telegraph*, "been definitely placed and catalogued, ticketed and filed away for future political reference by the voters of Georgia." If this is true, he is already freed from anxiety about reëlection. His plight seems to be impressing his senior colleague, who, from opposing the Food Control bill, has "suddenly blossomed out as an advocate of it." He has also written the Georgia Historical Society, which passed a resolution condemning him and Hardwick for their general course in the Senate, a letter explaining that he and "Tombilly," as he affectionately calls his fellow-Senator, are not to be confused. The *Telegraph* thinks that the difference between them is that Smith loves Germany, while Hardwick merely hates Wilson. However this may be, the interchange of pleasantries is new evidence that the South is still far ahead of the rest of the country in the picturesqueness of its politics.

THE reasons which have led the United States to rule all foreign ships out of our coastwise trade had until recently a certain validity; they led to such an investment of American capital in home transportation that, though in 1915 we had only 2,768 vessels in foreign trade, we had 23,800 in American waters. But the Federal Trade Commission and Secretary Redfield show that the stress of the war demands all possible flexibility in conducting home as well as foreign commerce, and that the President should be given power to suspend or modify the rule at discretion. With coal piling up at Lake Erie ports, Canadian bottoms are badly needed to carry it to the Northwest. On the ocean coasts, it is folly to refuse to let a British vessel which has just unloaded on the Atlantic, and has been ordered to the Gulf for a cargo to bring home, carry some needed commodity from the East to the South. Before the war the long trips that tramps and even other vessels had to make in ballast were a deplorable source of waste that in many cases good management and freer international regulations might have avoided; now a trip in ballast is almost inexcusable.

ALL must hail the announced organization of German-Americans of the stock of 1848 to protest and work against the Prussian military caste. The first steps have been taken in Chicago, and it is expected that the movement will spread to other cities. If anybody should have a vivid sense of what Prussian autocracy means, it must be the few surviving Forty-Eighters in this country, and their numerous descendants. It is not only an historic feeling which they desire to express, but also a present and acute resentment of the way in which the deeds of Prussian militarism have brought reproach upon the name "German" throughout the world. The idea was put in strong words in the recent address of Mr. Otto H. Kahn before the Merchants' Association of New York. He said:

> Speaking as one born of German parents, I do not hesitate to state it as my deep conviction that the greatest service which men of German birth or antecedents can render to the country of their origin is to proclaim and to stand up for those great and fine ideals and national qualities and traditions which they inherited from their ancestors, and to set their faces like flint against the monstrous doctrines and acts of a rulership which have robbed them of the Germany which they loved and in which they took just pride, the Germany which had the good will, respect, and admiration of the entire world.

THE reorganization of the Kerensky Cabinet, with the participation of the Constitutional Democrats or "Kadets," raises hope for that reëstablishment of national unity which is a greater need for Russia than even the restoration of army efficiency. The two problems are indeed inseparable. Until there is a firm government at Petrograd representing a clear majority of the progressive forces of the nation there can be no effective counter-measures to the anarchic military propaganda of the Leninites. The Constitutional Democrats in the new Cabinet are not the best-known heads of the Kadet party, but the point is that the latter has pledged its support to the new Government after prolonged deliberations in which the most resolute of the opponents of the extreme Socialist doctrine, namely, Paul Milyukov, took part. That the foreign portfolio remains in the hands of Terestchenko argues that the latter's firm declaration the other day for a resolute prosecution of the war in conjunction with the Allies will be the Government policy. Gratifying, too, is the speedy rehabilitation of Tchernov, Minister of Agriculture in the Cabinet and leader of the Socialist Revolutionist party of which Kerensky is the most distinguished member. The specific charges against Tchernov touched upon the contribution of German money towards a journal which he edited in Switzerland before the revolution. It is generally admitted that such support might have come to Tchernov through indirect channels without his being aware of the source. The real objection to him was that he favored putting through a radical land distribution before the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. His return to the Cabinet shows that this threatening problem has been disposed of.

FOR the twenty-two weeks since the British Admiralty has been announcing submarine sinkings the weekly

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average for British ships over 1,600 tons has been almost exactly twenty, with an indicated 90,000 tons. Adding the smaller ships, we get another 7,000 tons, perhaps. A weekly rate of 100,000 tons explains why in Germany there is pretty general recognition that the submarine must have plenty of time to be justified in its works. On the other hand, Britain does face the prospect of losing close to five million tons a year unless the submarine menace is met more successfully than has hitherto been the case. If we take the 22-week period and divide it in two, we find that the loss in British large ships for the first period has been at the rate of 21 a week, and in the second period at the rate of 18 a week. This shows plainly that no sovereign remedy has as yet been discovered, though an increased Allied effort is indicated in a declining rate in the face of a presumably increasing number of U-boats.

EVEN in Germany there seems to be much uncertainty as to what the sweeping Cabinet changes really mean. The personalities of the old and new Ministers are more discussed than is the policy which the reorganization indicates. To this, however, there is one exception. The appointment of Kühlmann as Foreign Secretary and the retention of Helfferich are a red rag to the Pan-Germans and the Junkers. These two men are felt to be modern-minded, to be against the excesses of the militarists, to have a predominant sense of the pressing need of peace in order to save Germany's economic and industrial future, and thus to be the probable agents of early negotiations to end the war. This is only inference, thus far, and it may be wrong. The General Staff remains more powerful than the Cabinet. Hindenburg and Ludendorf can, if they choose, thwart or break any Chancellor or Foreign Minister. But there is no getting over the main significance of the remaking of the Cabinet. Even in times of peace, it would be, in Germany, a sensational event. German Ministers do not casually come and go as in France. The "shake-up" in Germany proves at once intense dissatisfaction with the way things have been going, and a determination to give the Government a new objective.

MUCH of what Emperor William wrote to President Wilson on August 10, 1914, bears the marks of flurry. It is an admission that he was totally deceived about the attitude of England. But how easily he was deceived! Could he really imagine that King George had power to dictate to the Government of Great Britain, as the Kaiser could to that of Germany? William is himself the grandson of an English Queen, and ought to know—even if he had no Chancellor or Foreign Secretary to tell him so—that it is not possible for an English King to "order" his Government what to do in a great crisis. In England, it is the Government that gives orders to the King. And all the Kaiser's complaints that he had been misled by his reports from London simply betray his credulity, or ignorance, or something worse. His proclamation to the German people the other day assured them that he had never "gambled" in their blood. But it is now perfectly clear that in those fateful days, three years ago, he hazarded everything on his ability to keep England neutral, and that he lost disastrously. Another plain implication of his letter is that he was not yet aware of the way in which the world was to rise up and condemn his brutal trampling upon Belgium. He merely says, as if incidentally and wholly in passing, that Belgian neutrality "had to be violated by Germany on strategic grounds." So might a murderer explain that he "had to" cut the throat of a woman who stood between him and the man he wanted to rob!

IF the military situation in the east were really a military question instead of a moral question—that is, if the chief anxiety of the Entente were how the Russian armies are faring instead of what Russia as a nation is doing to find herself, the news of the reconquest of Bukowina by the Teutonic armies, with the occupation of Czernowitz and Kimpolung, would be disheartening in the extreme. In just a fortnight the Teutonic armies have advanced on a front of 120 miles to a depth reaching, in some places, nearly a hundred miles. It is a sweep comparable only with the Russian débâcle of the spring and summer of 1915. Now, as two years ago, the hope of the Allies must be that the Russian armies will turn and stand. The hope was justified two years ago. It is likely to be justified to-day. In Germany, too, the tone of comment on the latest advance is utterly different from two years ago. If Russian resistance continues, it is of minor importance whether the Kaiser's armies are called upon to hold out a hundred miles in advance of the old front. It is this indefinite prospect of holding out that is getting on the nerves of the German people.

THE democratic movement sweeping over Europe promises a long-delayed reform in the lot of the Rumanian peasantry. While two-thirds of the country is in the hands of the enemy, the Parliament now sitting in Jassy has declared itself in favor of universal suffrage, and King Ferdinand shows every inclination to evince his gratitude to the peasants, loyal under the most trying circumstances, while the great landowners lagged behind. He has offered the large estate of the Crown for equitable distribution among the peasantry, and is giving scope to the efforts of the newly formed Rumanian Labor party which includes twenty members of Parliament and seems to be independent alike of the machinations of extreme Russian Socialists and of the influence of German secret agents. To appreciate the full significance of the peaceful reforms now under way one must recall the desperate peasant risings of 1888 and 1907, and the ruthlessness with which they were crushed by the Government.

ANNOUNCEMENT of the Minister of Finance at Ottawa that the Government plans at once to acquire the entire Canadian Northern Railroad of over 9,000 miles, and eventually the Grand Trunk Pacific, ends a suspense that has existed since the recent report of a Royal Commission. The Government is going further towards general State ownership than the Commission recommended. It proposed that all lines except the Canadian Pacific be operated under five Parliamentary Trustees. Though the minority called this virtual state ownership, nominally it was not so, and did not demand a large Government expenditure for acquisition of title. But the Government believes that, since the plunge is inevitable, it had better be taken at once. The Government has furnished or guaranteed the larger part of the capital for the Northern Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific, and Government advances keep them solvent. The Canadian Northern has had indirectly about $300,000,000 of public money.

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Germany's Moral Bankruptcy

AFTER three years of war, we hear a great deal about German man-power being exhausted. There is renewed talk about German finances being at the point of collapse. That Germany's food supply is failing, everybody knows: that many of her industries are ruined, is not denied; that her shipping and commerce have suffered blows from which it will take a generation to recover, is admitted by German business men. It is not strange that they are reported to be urging peace as an imperative necessity if anything is to be saved out of the wreck. But Germany has to mourn to-day a greater loss than any of those mentioned. She has lost her reputation. She has squandered her moral assets. At a time when she needs to call up all her reserves of good faith and confidence, she finds that they have been wasted. Nobody believes her. Nobody trusts her. Upon the German Government the disagreeable evidence that it is morally bankrupt is being pressed from every quarter.

This is the indisputable truth which stands out in the reception throughout the world of the latest peace proposals by Germany. They meet with almost universal skepticism and suspicion. This would not be the case if Germany stood at present in the position which she occupied in the world's estimation at the beginning of 1914. If at that time we had had a specific resolution adopted by the German Reichstag, and a declaration by the German Chancellor, emphatic, renewed, explained, we should all have said that here was something seriously to be reckoned with. It would have been the Germany which we thought we knew saying what it would be reasonable to believe true. But three years have sufficed to destroy that presumption. It is Germany herself that has taught the world to distrust her. A long course of lawlessness heaped upon duplicity, of brutality intermingled with deceit, has made every utterance of the German Government suspect. Hence the amazing, the painful, unanimity with which public men and the press in all belligerent and neutral countries have looked upon the repeated peace proffers of the German authorities as merely a snare for the unwary. Whom are they trying to trick now? What new betrayal are they preparing? For what fresh burst of ferocity is all this a mask? Such are the questions everywhere provoked by the German official advances in behalf of peace. Germany ostensibly holds out an olive-branch; but prudent statesmen insist upon examining it to see if it does not conceal a dagger.

Thus is the fated and terrible punishment of Germany already beginning. She is reaping what she has sowed. Her rulers have brought the good name of their country into disrepute. Their promises no longer pass anywhere at their face value. Every Governmental move by Germany is closely scrutinized to see if some treachery is not wrapped up in it. It is as if the word "German" had now become the international trade-mark for double-dealing. This is the havoc which the German Government, in three years, has made of the proud old tradition of *Deutsche Treue!* To-day Germans look around the horizon and see nowhere a friend, nowhere a nation that will accept the bare pledge of the German Government. Everywhere they perceive dislike and distrust. This is the moral punishment of Germany for her crimes, and it is not to be wondered at that many of her citizens are crying out that the punishment is greater than they can bear.

In their long-studied plans to win the great war, the German military rulers depended mainly upon two things—terrorism and trickery. Both have not only failed them, but have recoiled upon them with tremendous and disastrous effect. Against German brutality, the exhaustless heroisms of the soul of man rose in a mighty flood. Like the man in Browning's "Instans Tyrannus," Belgium "stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed," so that, to-day, it is Germany that is "afraid." And even more overwhelming for Germany than the reaction against her barbarous methods in war is the inevitable result, as we see it now, of her treaty-breaking, her underground plotting, her treacherous dealing with nations at peace with her. The time has come when the German Government desires to have its acts and words credited, but finds that it has itself cut away the moral props under it. Its fair language to-day is read in the light of Bethmann-Hollweg's talk of peace in December, 1916, though he afterwards admitted that he was merely seeking to gain time to build submarines and make the war more ferocious than ever. The intercepted Zimmermann note is not forgotten. The German Foreign Office has made itself the synonym for untrustworthiness. The German Government has discredited in advance its own documents. It has turned every man's hand against it.

This, of course, cannot go on forever. The rest of the world has got to live with Germany; and, in the end, an iron-bound agreement will have to be made with her. But meanwhile, at the present juncture, Germany presents the melancholy spectacle of a great nation that has morally committed suicide.

Constitutional Prohibition

MANY extravagant and some wild things are said about last week's vote in the Senate in favor of a prohibition amendment of the Constitution. The motives of individual Senators are attacked. It is said that their vote was in accord with neither their convictions nor their personal practice. They were terrorized, it is alleged, into supporting the amendment; and some of them weakly "took a chance" in shifting the final decision to the State Legislatures. If the solemn responsibility of Senators was thus shirked, we have nothing but condemnation for it. We have repeatedly insisted that members of Congress, or of Legislatures, have no excuse for voting to "pass along" to the people the duty of adopting or rejecting a given amendment. Doubtless there was a certain amount of such dodging and insincerity in the Senate majority vote. But nothing of this affects the legality of the process or the result. To listen to some wailing newspapers, you would believe that a wicked wresting of Constitutional method has been attempted; that a gigantic system of oppression is to be applied to the majority of American citizens; and that the power of Congress is being tyrannously used to force upon this nation a policy—or the debate and settlement of a policy—to which the bulk of its inhabitants are resolutely opposed.

We submit that all this is a gross exaggeration of the facts. A slight analysis of the voting in the Senate will show that there is no such banded three-quarters of the smaller States determined to over-ride the rights of the one-quarter made up of the richer and more populous States. Senator Underwood stated the argument compactly. He

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named twelve States, presumably all against prohibition, with a population, in 1910, of 50,000,000, as against 41,000,000 for the other thirty-six. The amendment, as he said, might be ratified without the consent of any of the twelve. Yes, but how did those States vote in the Senate? From *only two* of them—New York and Massachusetts—were both Senators recorded against the amendment. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, California, even Missouri, were divided, as were some other of Mr. Underwood's anti-prohibition States. Both Senators from Indiana and from Michigan—States in Senator Underwood's list—were for the amendment. It is, therefore, wholly vain to represent the amendment as an attack upon the rights of these twelve States, with entire disregard of public sentiment as expressed by their representatives. In the House, where representation is based upon population, the twelve States whose liberties are threatened have 238 members, as against only 197 for the other States. But if even a minority of one more than one-third can be rallied in the House against the amendment, it will be defeated. If, nevertheless, it passes, can any reasonable man assert that it was rammed down the throats of unwilling and protesting States—States that had an ample majority to prevent the outrage, but made no use of it?

There are, of course, respectable arguments against the wisdom of constitutional prohibition. It invades the police power of the States. It would, in some States, impose a law not supported by public sentiment, and hence difficult of enforcement, with probably a great deal of evasion, of fraud, of political corruption certain to result. There would be a great injustice in destroying without compensation what the law now regards as property; and State and Federal revenues would be seriously interfered with if all liquor taxes were cut off. But all these and the other arguments against prohibition will have full opportunity to make their weight felt in the long debate in the several States, and in the course of the necessary action by forty-eight Legislatures. There will be no choking off of discussion, no "snap" votes forced, on the prohibition amendment. It may finally fail; but if it passes, all concerned will have due notice to set their affairs in order.

It is desirable that a calm view of the whole movement be taken. Let us begin by admitting that the champions of the amendment are proceeding strictly within their legal rights. The way in which the American people deliberately write their national policy is in the Constitution. They have amended it to conform to their wish in the matter of slavery, in that of the direct election of Senators, and the income tax. And if they determine, by the processes laid down in the fundamental law, to amend it so as to forbid the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, it is their legal privilege so to do. For this national policy they are entitled to urge in full force the argument of national efficiency, health, and morality. The only way to stop them is to produce enough votes in opposition.

War-Maps East and West

THE new offensive on the Belgian border is the fourth Allied assault in the west since Hindenburg's strategic retirement was supposed to have completely spoiled the Allied plans. In the middle of March the British began the battle of Arras. In April the French delivered their costly attack on the Aisne. Early in June came the sharp and decisive British stroke against the Messines salient south of Ypres. From this succession of events it follows that German claims regarding Hindenburg's masterly stroke were right in part and wrong in part. They were utterly wrong if the meaning was that the Allied plans for an offensive were frustrated everywhere. They were right in the sense that the Allies have been prevented from delivering their attack against what was presumably the weakest point in the German line, the front between Arras and Noyon, from which Hindenburg withdrew. After nearly five months the Allies have apparently not succeeded in bringing up their full strength for a try against the new Hindenburg line in front of Cambrai, St. Quentin, and La Fère. Instead they have been compelled to hit out along sections of the front where longer preparations have been under way. Steadily the line of contact has run north, first to Arras, then to south of Ypres, and now to north of Ypres. Had the Germans failed to deliver their recent surprise attack on the Yser in which the British suffered badly, the present offensive in all likelihood would have run all the way from the Lys to the North Sea.

An attack on a front of nearly twenty miles such as the Allies delivered last week presupposes a vast amount of preparation and far-reaching aims. If the hope was to break through, then all the indications are that the attempt has failed. The British statement for the first day's fighting spoke of the demolition of the German first line. That goes without saying, after such a preliminary bombardment. To have reached the German second line means that this second line was not broken, and an attack which does not begin with that does not promise success. In the Champagne battle of September, 1915, the great model on which the tactics of breaking through are based, the French succeeded in reaching the third line in a rush. The captures announced from London similarly indicated only partial success. Five thousand prisoners in two days' fighting on a front of nearly twenty miles is far below the average for Arras and Messines.

This does not preclude the possibility, however, that we may be witnessing the first steps in a campaign like that of last year on the Somme, a battle of months, in which the gains may be small when measured by the scale obtaining on the eastern front, but of which the ultimate outcome may be of the first importance. Just as the results of the Somme were the Hindenburg retreat of last spring, so a sustained offensive may lead to an advance which by 1918 might bring the Allies into a position from which they could threaten either the German coast positions or the German occupation of the Lille industrial district. Only it is to be noted that it will need time to show results. In the meanwhile the Allies, so far as can be foreseen, will have to be content with a demonstration of their power to carry on. The battle now under way is the reply, by anticipation, to the Kaiser's congratulations to his army. The German troops in the west may indeed be standing firm; but it is of importance to drive home to the German army and people the question how much longer they must expect to keep on standing firm. Of a successful attack against the enemy in the west the Kaiser does not venture to hold out the hope.

It is by the matching of power and not of war-maps that the progress of the contest must henceforth be primarily

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judged. Half-hearted only are the latest German references to their vast territorial conquests. The larger the figures of occupied territory the Reventlows quote the more pertinent becomes the query why the promised victory should still be so far off. It will soon be two years since Germany came into occupation of perhaps 150,000 square miles of Russian soil, and the best the Kaiser can say is that "once more" the Russian Empire trembles under the strokes of his soldiery. That the Germans have lost faith in their war-maps is shown by the notable lack of exultation over the latest successes in Galicia. The German armies are advancing, but it is felt that peace is no nearer. So long as there is a Russian army in existence and so long as Russia stays in the fight, it is only a mockery for German armies to be pressing on into Muscovite territory. And even if we imagine the worst come to pass for the Allies, and Russia out of the struggle, what is there for Germany to look for in the west but a "defensive" indefinitely continued? With the Allies in France outnumbering the enemy nearly 2 to 1, with America coming on, not the transfer of all of Germany's eastern forces to the west could give her the superiority necessary to victory.

That is the lesson which the new battle in the west reemphasizes. The Allies have the power in the one region where the war-map does count. An advance for them means a serious threat for the enemy. Failure to advance would only mean a continuance of the struggle until such a time as the confidence of the German people in the ability of its leaders to bring it peace with victory, already badly shaken, is shattered. Renewed Allied offensives may not make Germany powerless, in Mr. Balfour's phrase, but must help to make Germany free.

Sculpturing a Mountain

THE desire of humanity for self-commemoration is insatiable and indefatigable. Down near Atlanta stands, and has stood for some million or more years, a monument to the unimaginable forces that drove it upward through the pie-crust of our then débutante mother-earth, a great granite cliff, 800 feet high and 1,500 feet wide, which might have gone on in unblemished security brooding over its secrets had not a committee of patriotic Southerners recently called in an eminent Northern sculptor and presented him with this twelve hundred thousand square feet of rock-surface as a medium for the commemoration of a lost but not forgotten cause. No one will quarrel with Mr. Borglum's audacity in seizing the opportunity of a generation to sign his name, in letters fifty feet high, to the largest monument in the world, bar none. Nothing has ever been attempted on this scale before, either in ancient Egypt or Assyria. The Colossus of Rhodes wasn't anywhere near eight hundred feet high, that is certain. The White Horse, which tradition said some Borglum of Saxon times laid bare of turf to mark Alfred's victory over the Danes, is only 374 feet long.

But, naturally, size isn't everything in a work of art, although it is a good deal. You cannot lose a cliff, the way you can a cameo; and if the sculptor's diagnosis prove correct, neither time nor the elements can wear away that deep-hewn surface. In this respect, at any rate, he has the advantage of Leonardo and Botticelli, of Phidias and Praxiteles. Then, of course, everybody within ten miles must look at what he has created. He admits that already there is a fifty-thousand-dollar oiled road to the base of his potential monument. One wonders did the Pharaohs erect roadhouses furnishing excellent chicken dinners at the feet of their pyramids to attract camel-touring parties? The German Emperor filled Berlin, and Germany, for that matter, with Hohenzollern statuary. Even before the present war, he had given his people ample material to remember him by. The vast Germania which crushes with ample "plattdeutsch" feet the verdure of the Rhine's vine-clad hills constitutes Germany's heroic protest against grace, beauty, and spirituality. Have the Kaiser's armies yet been reduced to the necessity of recasting her for bombs and hand-grenades? A vast monument of granite, like that plotted by Borglum, may have this objection in the eyes of posterity, that it cannot be worn out or lost or broken down, though that is a merit, naturally, in the creator's eyes.

To us it hardly seems fair, in these democratic days, to rob our descendants of the right to choose what they want to look at. The present generation has suffered very keenly under the tyranny of its forebears, and even of contemporary municipal art commissions. The Mall in Central Park bears mute witness to the good-will but bad judgment of other days. The Maine monument and that granite quarry which has just been unloaded in the Plaza and obliterated the trees and shrubs that used to make an oasis of cheerfulness there, prove what can be done because of popular inertia. Yet even these things may, in time, be made to disappear. They are not absolutely indestructible, although a bit of statuary once erected in a public place immediately assumes a quasi-sacred character. In Petrograd they have a law that monuments must be erected on approval, that the populace has a certain period in which to vote down anything put up for the alleged beautification of the city. Who would pay for wiping off the face of that eight-hundred-foot cliff Mr. Borglum's procession of the Confederate chieftains, fifteen hundred feet wide and eight hundred feet high, in case a plébiscite should prove a majority of Americans against him? Should not he or the association backing him be asked to furnish suitable bonds to provide for such a contingency?

Of course, the passion of ordinary men, as of geniuses, for immortality must be sated. But is there any reason why they, too, should always combine in a conspiracy to attain their desires? A person or event may be immortalized by perishable, transitory things. There was a German princelet once who celebrated his coronation by having a monstrous sausage made, a sausage several thousand ells long, which he turned over to his happy subjects for a feast. To this day his name is in the mouths of all their descendants. Yet not a nubbin of that wonderful league of delicatessen survives. In the same way a great battle, or moral triumph, of itself is more enduring than bronze or carven granite. One figure, a torso, a faded print, or a few words, like those of the Gettysburg address, may be the only art blossom of a great period, not made to order, but inevitable as nature. If the Confederacy needs a granite cliff to commemorate a cause well fought for and happily lost, what will commemorate the present war that is to give us finally peace and good-will on earth, what rock in the Alps, what beetling crest in the Himalayas serve to face mankind forever with that mighty triumph?

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Self-Pity in Negro Folk-Songs

A NEGRO singing the folk-songs of his race might be termed a negro thinking aloud. For, as Mr. Wegg was likely at any moment to "drop into poetry in a friendly way," so the negro readily drops into original composition, or, at any rate, original additions to the song he is singing. In some measure this is true of all folk-singing; but the negro minstrel is preëminent both in musical ability and in easy assimilation and imitation of any mood. Thus his song becomes a sort of soliloquy fitted to melody and rhythm—a melody that can be reproduced only approximately by a member of another race and a rhythm so unique, so pliable, that no other folk music in America approaches it in perfection. The cowboy and the lumberman and the miner, the mountaineer, the sailor, the soldier, the railway bum, and the pioneer have all made songs; and where conditions are yet congenial to folk-singing they are still making their own songs and singing those learned from their fathers.

Among all these groups, although there exist some songs of the endless variety that can be added to at the pleasure of the singer, most of the songs are moulded by a somewhat formal rhyme and rhythm that cramps the invention of the singer into bounds to overleap which he lacks both poetic genius and musical ingenuity. Hence his songs rapidly become congealed, subject to little change beyond the vagaries of oral transition; they record some event or emotion for future singers to reiterate, but furnish a poor vehicle for free self-expression. The singing of the negro, however, is largely unaffected by convention. His race may have suffered enslavement, but his music has never worn shackles. His musical composition compares with that of other American folk-singers pretty much as does the easy improvisation of a natural musician with the set "piece" of the amateur piano pupil; while the words of his songs have usually no rigid poetic form in view and thus can become more readily a medium for spontaneous lyric expression. In one of his songs, after a passage descriptive of a raid on a chicken roost, he concludes by way of refrain:

> I'm a na'chul bo'n reacher,
> Oh, I'm a na'chul bo'n reacher,
> I'm a na'chul bo'n reacher
> An' it ain't no lie.

And certainly, if he were self-conscious enough about his music to celebrate his own skill, he would be justified in the iteration:

> I'm a na'chul bo'n singer,
> Oh, I'm a na'chul bo'n singer,
> I'm a na'chul bo'n singer
> An' it ain't no lie.

For not the exceptional negro, but almost all negroes handle melody and rhythm with a skill at once finished and unstudied. The time and the tune seem to take care of themselves, adapting themselves easily to the words which the singer repeats once or perhaps many times until memory or, as often, some whim of his own emotion supplies him another line or so to continue with. And working thus through a medium of which he is master, his unrestricted thought flows out through his singing; and, fitting itself to the rhythmic motions of manual labor or to the unhurried pace of his progress along the street or to the relaxed mood of his little porch at twilight, he thus soliloquizes in song and reveals the emotions of his race with a unique ingenuousness. Genuine negro folk-songs—spontaneous outbursts of intimate affections and impulses—of which there are thousands yet uncollected and therefore unknown, will afford an insight into the negro mind that will prove interesting to the psychologist, the sociologist, and, perhaps, even to the historian.

And what does he sing about—the negro of the kitchen, the washtub, the field, and the levee—the millions little touched by education? Among a variety of topics, most prominent are his woman, his preacher, his adventures with the law, his 'possum and greens and sweet potatoes, his mule, his "forty-four gatlin' gun," his boss, and, as a final solution for the trials and perplexities of this world, the golden streets of the New Jerusalem and the comforts and ease of Heaven. But with all this variety of topics, a prevailing mood is one of introspection—self-pity is the theme that, perhaps above all others, dominates his singing. Why this should be true is difficult to say. There surely exists no merrier-hearted race than the negro, especially in his natural home, the warm climate of the South. The negro's loud laugh may sometimes speak the empty mind, but at the same time it reveals a nature upon which trouble and want sit but lightly.

The theory has been advanced by many writers on the subject that the plaintive tunes of many of his spirituals are the natural outgrowth of the negro's state of slavery. Slavery, however, has been a thing of the past these many years, and, after all, as a part of the race history, formed but a brief interlude—an episode—between many generations of barbaric freedom and the present status of liberty in a civilized land. The bulk of the negro's songs are not dead tradition of slavery days, are by no means past history, but are living, growing organisms mirroring his mind as it is to-day. It would be interesting to know if the mood of self-pity characterized the negro mind of pre-slavery days. In the absence of such information and yielding to the theory that this mental attitude has grown up during the last eight or ten generations, it is credible, at least, that the negro's self-pity is based on his feeling of race inferiority—a feeling of which he may well be only sub-consciously aware. The race problem is one which is insistently present. Neighbors with the white man, living side by side, coming into daily contact, made equal by law while yet unequal in fact, differing widely in inheritance and instinct—the conditions of life must appear to the negro mind totally unfair. And it seems further credible that he has come to lump the troubles for which he himself is largely to blame along with the inevitable hardships of his situation until he has grown to regard himself as the victim of hard luck, generally abused by everybody; and, at least in many instances, he seems not averse to nursing his gloom a little.

Nevertheless, whatever may be the source of his self-pity, there can be no question, if a fair reading is given the songs and parts of songs quoted below, of its actuality. In the majority of these examples, if the song shows any completeness it has been pieced together from the singing of more than one negro, and in some instances I have added

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lines or verses from those collected by Dr. Howard Odum and by Prof. E. C. Perrow to those taken down personally from the lips of negro singers. For the most part, the quotations are from the negro's secular songs, his reels, the songs of the "worl'ly nigger," as he himself phrases it; but before offering these, I submit two stanzas, taken from different spirituals, that indicate how the attitude of self-pity pervades the religious songs also:

Sometimes I hangs my head an' cries,
But Jesus gwine t' come bye an' bye.
An' he gwine t' wipe my weepin' eyes,
Jesus gwine t' come bye an' bye.

Oh, whut a hard time, oh, whut a hard time,
All God's chillun has a hard time.
Oh, whut a hard time, oh, whut a hard time,
My Lo'd has a hard time, too.

In spirituals and reels alike the negro is moved by pictures of himself and his loved ones dying, especially if far from home:

Well, my mamma sick an' my papa dead, papa dead,
Well, my mamma sick an' my papa dead, papa dead,
An' I ain't got nobody to pity po' me, po' me.

Look down po' lonesome road, hacks all dead in line.

One o' dese mornin's, 'twon't be long, O my hon,
One o' dese mornin's, 'twon't be long,
You call my name an' I'll be gone, O my hon.

My mamma's dead an' my sister's gone astray;
Dat's why I'm wanderin' roun' to-day.

I follered my mamma right down to de buryin' groun',
You ought to a heard me cryin' when dey let her down.

I went to de graveyard, peeped in my mamma's face—
Ain't it hard to see you, mamma, in dis lonesome place?

Don' leave yo' mamma ol' an' gray,
You'll be boddered, man, troubled all de day.

It won' be long befo' I leave dis lan'
An' I never 'spec' to see you a livin' man.
I tol' de ol' woman not to weep an' cry,
Eve'y livin' human got to die.

My papa an' mamma both are dead
An' my sisters have gone astray.
Nothin' I brought to dis sin-tried worl'
An' nothin' I take away.

Refrain:

Don' leave me here, don' leave me here,
O babe, don' leave me here.
Don' leave me here, don' leave me here,
O babe, don' leave me here.

Mail rider come ridin' to my do',
He dropped a letter an' was sealed in red.
He dropped a letter he never dropped befo'.
What you reckon dis letter said?
"Come home, po' boy, you' only frien' is dead."
I caught de firs' boun' train an' away I went a-flyin'.
When I got dere my babe was slowly dyin'—
She wasn't dead but she was slowly dyin'.
"Po' boy, where have you been?"
"Where de sun don' shine an' it hardly ever rain."
If I die upon de road
Ship my body C. O. D. to mamma.
Tell her I died like a man.
Write it down an' sen' it over de 'phone
So my woman will know I'm dead an' gone.

At other times he grieves because of his lack of friends:

De day I lef' my mamma's house is de day I lef' home.

Oh, I haven't got a frien' in dis town;
I'm goin' where my frien's can be foun'.

I'm in dis wide, wide worl' alone,
I'm in d' wide, wide worl' alone.
Got nobody to care for me.
Po' boy, long way from home.
Wonder when I git back home again?
I went down to de railroad, I went down to de railroad,
I couldn't fin' no frien'.
Ever since I lef' dat country farm
Eve'ybody been down on me.

No negro ever admitted that his hard situation, which he sets forth so eloquently, is in any sense his own fault; rather, he shows a shrewd agility in shifting responsibility:

I sometimes stops an' wonder how strange it seem to be
Dat I don' bodder nobody, an' yet dey always talkin' 'bout po' me;
Po' me, po' me, always talkin' 'bout po' me.

I may live a Christian or I may live vain an' vile,
Dere's somebody watchin' an' waitin' to break my heart wid lies
Po' me, po' me, somebody always talkin' 'bout po' me.

And further, he invites pity by the threat of death and departure:

Befo' dis time anudder year I may be gone
An' in some lonesome graveyard, O Lo'd, how long!

Eve'ybody down on me, an' I'm gwine where I never been befo'.
Baby, I'm all out an' down, gwine bundle up my clo's an' go.
I'm out in dis wide worl' alone, an' de girl I love don' pay me no money.
O Baby, I'm all out an' down; good-bye, I'm all out an' down.
Good-bye, I'm goin' away—goin' away, not comin' back no mo'.

When I'm gone, when I'm gone,
Somebody gwine miss me when I'm gone.

Han' me down my ol' valise an' my overalls.
If my mamma ask for me tell her I'm gone.
An' when I go, I ain't comin' here no mo'.

On one occasion, when I was in search of ballad material, the white overseer of a river bottom plantation said to me: "A nigger sings about just two things—what he eats and his woman." However near the truth this statement may be, certainly his woman is a perennial source of grief: in the manner used above, many detached lines or single stanzas may be cited in proof; instead, I have selected a lengthy song sung me by a Texas negro:

I love you, black gal, God knows I do,
Fare dee, babe honey, fare dee well.
I love you from yo' head to yo' feet an' clean thoo,
Fare dee, babe honey, fare dee well.

Refrain:

Fare dee, babe honey, fare dee well,
Fare dee, babe honey, fare dee well.
I done all I could do, tryin' to git along wid you,
So fare dee, babe honey, fare dee well.

Make me a pallet down on de flo',
O, babe honey, time comin' when a woman won' need no man.

I'll be satisfied wid a ap'on on de flo';
Jes spread a ap'on wide an' I'll be satisfied.

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Open dis do' an' let me in;
O babe honey, I'm out here freezin' an' wet to de skin.

I'm gwine away an' I'm gwine t' stay,
You won' know how good I am till I'm far away.
I'm packin' my trunk an' satchel, too,
Caze I'm gwine jes' as far as I kin from you.
Dat eas'-boun' train, it done blowed an' gone
An' I'm a-gwine, too, jes' as sho' as you is bo'n.
I been as good as a man could be,
But I done foun' out dat you jes' ain't true to me.
I foun' out dat you don' wan' me roun',
Caze de meals ain't cooked an' de bed ain't turned down.
You eats good grub an' you wears fine clo's, too;
Now whut mo' in dis worl' kin a po' man do?
I bought you di'mon's, presents galo',
I done been yo' fool, but I ain't gwine to be no mo'.
'Tain' no use to weep, 'tain' no use to whine,
I done tol' you once, tol' you las', now I'se a-gwine.
You was a good gal when I fus' met you,
But now, ol' gal, I done foun' out you jes' won't do.
Gwan 'long, ol' gal, gwan 'long o' yo' ways,
Mistreatin' me, but you gwine see it one o' dese days.
I'm gwine somewheres, don' know where I'm gwine;
I'm gwine somewheres so's to git you out o' my min'.
I love you, black gal, de people know;
I'm leavin' you, ol' gal, but it breaks my heart to go.

And the woman's troubles with her man are her source of heartache. A song called variously "The Railroad Blues," "The Cincinnati Blues," "The Graveyard Blues," "The Waco Blues," "The Dallas Blues," "The Galveston Blues," or simply "The Blues" bears the burden of her plaint. It is of the endless type and is sung by all negroes who will sing "worl'ly songs" at all. Men and women alike sing it, changing its words frequently to suit their purposes. But though I have heard it many times, it always seems to me the woman's song—a tribute to the first singer I heard it from. It was in a levee camp in Texas, a reclamation project for which experienced hands from the Mississippi (along with their women) had been imported to the Brazos River bottom. The woman called herself Dink. She was a lithe, chocolate-colored woman with a reckless glint in her eye. "You're jes' lucky I happened to want to sing this mornin'. Maybe to-morrow I wouldn't 'a' sung you nothin'. Anyhow, maybe to-morrow I won't be here. I'm likely to git tired, or mad, an' go. Say, if I got mad, I'd about dump that tub o' wet clo's there in that bed, an' I wouldn't be here by night." Dink's version of "The Blues" runs:

Some folks say dat de worry blues ain't bad.
Mus' not a bin de worry blues I had.
I've got de railroad blues and de Cincinnati heart disease;
I'm gwine somewhere to give my po' heart some ease.
I may be right an' I may be wrong,
But it takes a married woman to sing de worry song.
When a woman's in trouble she wring her han's an' cry,
But when a man's in trouble it's a long freight train an' ride.
I went to de depot wringin' my han's an' cryin';
Eve'ybody got to have her trouble some time.
My mammy tol' me when I was a chil'
'Bout de mens an' de whiskey gwine to kill me after a while.
When I git home, mamma, I'se sho' gwine to stick an' stay;
You kin kick an' beat me, but you can't drive me away.
When I leave again, hang crape on yo' front do',
Caze I'll be dead an' not comin' back no mo'.
I woke up dis mornin' with the blues all roun' my head;
I drempt dat my lovin' baby was dead.
Oh, de blues ain't nothin' but a man on yo' min';
De blues ain't nothin' but yo' baby on yo' min'.
Some folks say dat de worry blues ain't bad—
It's de worst ol' feelin' ever I had.
Git you two three men so one won't worry yo' min';
Don't, dey'll keep yo' worryin' all de time.
I'm gwine to de river, set down on de groun',
If de blues overtake me, I'll jump overboard an' droun'.
I'm gwine ridin', ridin' 'way out on de sea
Where de long distance telephone can't reach me.
If trouble was money, I'd be a millioneer,
If trouble was money, I'd be a millioneer.
Tol' my mammy not to weep an' mo'n,
I do de bes' I kin, caze I'se a woman grown.
I flag de eas'-boun' train an' it keep on easin' by;
I fol' my arms an' hang my head an' cry.
Want to lay my head on de Southern Railway line,
Let some eas'-boun' train come an' ease my troubled min'.
If I feels to-morrow like I feels to-day,
Stan' right here, look a thousan' miles away.
If I feels to-morrow like I feels to-day,
Take a long freight train wid a red caboose to carry my blues away.
When my heart's struck sorrow, my tears come a-rollin' down,
When my heart's struck sorrow, my tears come a-rollin' down.

Dink sang another song of the deserted and lonely woman—a song with lyric beauty and pathetic appeal—and the rhythm of this one she handled in a way that gave the effect of a catch, or sob, at the end of each half-line:

If I had wings like Norah's* dove
I'd fly up de river to de man I love—

Refrain:

Fare thee well, O honey, fare thee well.

I've got a man, an' he's long an' tall
An' he moves his body like a cannon ball.

One dese days, an' it won't be long,
Call my name an' I'll be gone.

'Member one night, drizzlin' rain,
Roun' my heart I felt a pain.

When I wo' my ap'ons low
You'd follow me eve'ywhere I'd go.

Now I wears my ap'ons high
Sca'cely ever see you passin' by.

Now my ap'ons up to my chin
You pass my do' an' you don't look in—

If I'd a-listened to whut my mamma said,
I'd a-bin sleepin' in my mamma's bed.

But, along with such lamentations over hard times that the thrift and energy of many members of his race have proved to be unnecessary, over the faithlessness of a sweetheart when he himself is too faithless to deserve a better fate, over death and bereavement, the common fate of all, or exclamations of self-pity that manifest merely a fondness for hugging his melancholy—along with all these is to be found one deeply tragic note. Over and over, from many angles, the negro expresses his feeling of a race inferiority, and sings of what seems to be to his mind his badge of shame—his color. Sometimes he openly ridicules the black skin of his own race:

I wouldn't marry a black gal, tell you de reason why,
Her hair so short and kinky, break eve'y comb I buy.
I wouldn't marry a black gal, she so black, you know,
When I see her comin' she look like a crow.
I wouldn't marry a black gal, tell you de reason why:
She got so many kin-folks dey make yo' biscuits fly.

I don' like a nigger nohow, I don' like a nigger nohow,
Nigger an' a mule is a mighty big fool,
I don' like a nigger nohow.

*Noah's.

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Nigger be a nigger whatever you do,
Tie a red rag roun' de toe of his shoe,
Jerk his vest on over his coat,
Snatch his britches up roun' his throat.

God make a nigger, make him in de night,
Make him in a hurry an' forgit to paint him white.

He expresses the same feeling more subtly in his admiration for the light-colored members of his race:

Sho' as de little fishes swim roun' in de sea,
I got a brown-skin woman waitin' home for me.
Oh, her hair ain't curly an' her eyes ain't blue,
If you don' want me, honey, it's a cinch I don' want you.
A brown-skin woman an' she's chocolate to de bone;
A brown-skin woman an' she smells like t'ilet soap;
A black-skin woman an' she smells like a billy goat.
A brown-skin woman makes a freight train slip an' slide;
A black-skin woman makes an' engine stop an' blow.
A brown-skin woman makes a bulldog break his chain.
A brown-skin woman makes a preacher lay his Bible down.
A yeller woman makes a cow mistreat her calf.
A brown-skin woman is a woman anywhere she goes;
A black-skin woman has to rub an' wash out de clo's.
You brown-skin woman, let me be yo' teddy bear—
Put a chain on my neck, I'll foller you anywhere.
I laid in jail wid my face turned to de wall,
A brown-skin woman was de cause of it all.

The woman as well as the man expresses a preference for the light-colored skin. In one of the most tuneful of his many reels she sings:

'Way down de road somewhere, 'way down de road somewhere,
I got a long, tall, teasin' brown, 'way down de road somewhere.

Refrain:

I'm Alabama boun', I'm Alabama boun',
Oh, if de train don' leave me here, I'm Alabama boun'.

Oh, I've tol' you once, twice you have been tol',
Takes a long, tall brown-skin man to satisfy my soul.
Standin' on de corner, waitin' for my brown,
Oh, de las' thing I heard him say, "I'm Alabama boun'."
Got up in de mornin', couldn't keep from cryin',
Thinkin' 'bout dat brown-skin man o' mine.
So she laid in jail, back to de wall,
Dis brown-skin man was de cause of it all.

Sometimes resentment against social distinction finds open expression in a threat to reverse conditions:

Well, I'm goin' to buy me a little railroad of my own,
Ain't goin' to let nobody ride but de chocolate to de bone.
Well, I'm goin' to buy me a hotel of my own,
Ain't goin' to let nobody eat but de chocolate to de bone.
She's long an' tall an' chocolate to de bone,
She make you a married man, den leave yo' home.

Or sometimes the cheerful side of improving social conditions presents itself:

Niggers gettin' mo' like white fo'ks,
Mo' like white fo'ks eve'y day.
Niggers learnin' Greek an' Latin,
Niggers wearin' silk an' satin,
Niggers gettin' mo' like white fo'ks eve'y day.

Or again, the advantages, real or fancied, taken by the dominant race are the theme of the song:

White fo'ks always a-braggin', Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
How a nigger ain't nothin' but a waggin, Lawd, Lawd, Lawd.
Ought for ought an' figger for figger,
All for white man an' nothin' for nigger.
Nigger an' white man playin' seben-up, O my hon,
Nigger win de money but 'fraid to pick it up, O my hon.

Writers about negro spirituals have long surmised that the prevalence of heaven as a topic of his songs is the outgrowth of his state of slavery. Certain it is that the Biblical imagery relating to heaven has a strong hold on the negro mind. This very problem of social equality he expects to see solved hereafter. He sings:

You may be a white man, white as de drippin's of snow,
But if you ain' got Jesus on yo' min', to hell you'll sho'ly go.

Little nigger baby, black face an' shinin' eye,
Jes' as good as de po' white trash in de sweet bye an' bye.

Heaven, also, is a place where black skins shall become white:

De Lawd shall shoe my lily white foots,
De Lawd shall shoe my lily white foots,
De Lawd shall shoe my lily white foots,
When I climbs dat golden stair.
De Lawd shall glub my lily white han's,
De Lawd shall glub my lily white han's,
De Lawd shall glub my lily white han's,
Early in de mornin'.

And in general terms the expectation of heaven may be said to be the negro's antidote for the self-pity he feels for his present state. He does not, like Mr. Kipling and others of the Anglo-Saxon race, look forward to æons of glorified labor when "we shall work for an age at a sitting"; the negro sings:

Oh, when I git to heaven gwine set right down,
Ask my Lawd for a starry crown—
Settin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.
Oh, when I git to heaven gwine to take my ease,
Me an' my God gwine to do as we please,
Settin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.

O Lawd, you know whut you promised me.
You promised me a starry crown to w'ar
When I git home.
Go, angel, an' git dat servant a crown
An' place it on dat servant head,
An', servant, you set down.

Refrain:

Set down, servant; set down, servant;
Servant, you set down.

O Lawd, you know whut you promised me.
You promised me a golden wais' ban' to w'ar
When I git home.
Go, angel, an' git dat servant a golden wais' ban'
An' place it on dat servant wais',
An', servant, you set down.

It is not to be understood from the above passages that the negro's songs are all songs of gloom. He has many cheerful work songs, many delightful Biblical narratives, thousands of stirring hymns, and some genuine ballads. These songs are both tragic and humorous—the negro's sense of the ridiculous being keen and discriminating. The quotations here set down were selected to illustrate a phase of the negro's mind; but, after all, it is only a phase of his thinking, and others of his songs are as cheerful as these are saturated with melancholy. However, care-free and joyous as he is by nature, and looking forward as he does to another life of perfect satisfaction, the hard fact remains that race differences cannot be blinked; and it is the present, not the mystic future, with which the individual negro is concerned each day. As this thought is borne home, we hear him sing:

White folks go to college, niggers to de fiel';
White folks learn to read an' write, niggers learn to steal.
Well, it make no diff'ence how you make out yo' time,
White man sho' to bring a nigger out behin'.

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Refrain:

Ain't it hard, ain't it hard,
Ain't it hard to be a nigger, nigger, nigger?
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard,
Caze you can't git yo' money when it's due?

If a nigger git arrested an' can't pay his fine,
Dey sho' sen' him out on de county line.
Nigger an' white man playin' seben-up,
Nigger win de money, 'fraid to pick it up.
If you work all de week an' work all de time,
White man sho' to bring nigger out behin'.
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard,
Ain't it hard to be a nigger, nigger, nigger?
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard,
Caze you can't git yo' money when it's due?

JOHN A. LOMAX

What About Alsace-Lorraine?

AMERICANS have an army in France and the blue line of the Vosges is before them—and beyond are the valleys of Alsace and Lorraine. Surely, that is an actuality. Waiting for the event, I cull from the many pages of Parliamentary debate in the *Journal Officiel*—pages that are too often dry-as-dust documents as soon as ever they are printed—a few sayings immediately actual, real, living. They were pronounced during the session of the Chamber of Deputies on July 13.

Deputy Lazare Weiller is an Alsatian who long since became a man of note in France and is known in England, where he had his university education, and in the United States, where he has been more than once on official missions. In the present cruel straits of his people, he submitted to Parliament a threefold proposition, asking the French Government:

"(1) To prevent the spoliations of which the Alsatians and Lorrains who have come into France or remain there are now the victims on the part of Germany; (2) to protect against all suspicion the Alsatians and Lorrains whose names of German consonance are often interpreted evilly; (3) to maintain among the Alsatians and Lorrains who have remained in the annexed provinces and are faithful to France their confidence in the future.

"I am sure, Gentlemen, you will not refuse to listen for a few brief moments to the voice of Alsace who, by my mouth, ventures to call up before you the touching testament of Jules Ferry when, with his eyes fixed forever on the blue line of the Vosges, he begged that he might still hear, even in his shroud, the slow, plaintive appeal of the vanquished.

"This appealing plaint rises up to you to-day, but it mingles now with the echoes of liberating cannon which, from Metz to Strasburg, from Thann to Schlestadt, announce to the dead and the living the awakening of victory and the new spring, wherein the sacred land of our fathers shall bloom again—for the sacrifices of all shall restore it to our country.

"Alsatians and Lorrains, long before it was proclaimed resoundingly, magnificently, knew well, that all possession which has no other right than force and conquest remains forever and irreconcilably uncertain. And now that despoiling of Alsatians and Lorrains of their goods, which is being practiced cynically, must also be made precarious. It is done with no provocation on our part, but under cover of suspicious liquidation or as a sale of goods under an appearance of legal form."

Here the speaker turned to Prime Minister Ribot and addressed him directly in words that interest Americans also:

"Shall it not be a bad bargain for them, Monsieur le Président du Conseil, when they know what pledges we hold on our side? And to these must be added to-morrow pledges that are otherwise substantial and are held by our allies of America—some such pledges are well known to the Emperor of Germany himself—for our exercise of necessary reprisals!"

Whether legend or truth or only likelihood, this is an obvious allusion to what is believed to be a fact—namely, that German great ones, before they took the gambling risk of setting Europe on fire, stored away large portions of their wealth in free and just America. It is these goods which are to be held liable for this new pillage executed by their orders on the goods of the people of Alsace and Lorraine.

Prime Minister Ribot rose and answered this first part of Deputy Weiller's resolution:

"I can only associate myself with the eloquent words heard by the House, and I ask that the resolution be voted. Such a vote will give Government more force and authority.

"That which is going on at this present time is intolerable and we have denounced it to the indignation of the world. It is without any pretext—for, on our side, the respect of private property has been absolute; our sequestrators are solely for the conservation of enemy goods; and never have we been willing, by any pretence of hypocritical reasons, to touch private property. But Germany has thrown off the mask and to-day is auctioning at cheap prices the goods of the Alsatians who have not come back to Alsace and goods of Frenchmen which are in Germany or in the occupied territory of France or Belgium. We have protested, we have denounced such facts to the civilized world. They are added to all the acts which mark this war and put the seal of shame on the German name."

Americans should not think that such acts, however unjust and cruel, affect only a few self-exiled families of Alsace and Lorraine. Forty-three years of possession of Alsace-Lorraine as an Empire-land by Germany were not sufficient to break the ties of property which the country and its inhabitants had contracted, during the centuries when they were simply French, with the rest of France. Prime Minister Ribot pointed to the wider field of such unjust and cruel acts executed—by superior orders—on French citizens who had entrusted their goods to German soil on the supposition that civilized law would hold there, and even on French and Belgian inhabitants of their own native soil which Germany occupies only with her armies.

Prime Minister Ribot drew attention to the measures which France—and all her allies—are obliged to take in self-defence:

"You have voted a law—it is now before the Senate—to annul all irregular acts committed by the Germans. Moreover, we have asked Parliament to vote a law that shall arm Government with means of reprisal. But there is something else and something better to do. Only lately, we have exchanged views with our Belgian and English friends. I do not bring before you the resolutions we have taken, because they ought not for the present to be divulged—but I can say that, in such a struggle, we ought

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not to act separately. The question is not to calculate the amount represented by the property of Germans in France and that of Frenchmen in Germany. Germans have, or may have, in the territory of our allies—or of those who are fighting with us—considerable property. All that must form one block.

"I say no more—I ask you to trust our diplomacy to obtain the result on which, I believe, we are unanimously agreed."

From this question of protection of their property for Alsatians and Lorrains against their desperate masters, Deputy Weiller, who is an Alsatian in the Parliament of France, went on to an essential issue of this war:

"We must have the courage to acknowledge and the frankness not to dissemble all the material organization and progress which their oppressors have lavished largely on Alsatians and Lorrains—yet they could not seduce them from their allegiance. Treating Alsace and Lorraine as a German colony—in which the opinion of the inhabitants does not count—they have done everything, they have neglected nothing, to improve the material state of the country—and they have never been able to modify its moral state. But as to such material benefits, which in a way have been only a weak compensation for their sufferings, Alsatians and Lorrains would wish to keep them, just as they intend to keep the property of which they are being now despoiled, just as they intend to keep their religious life and that freedom to love each other which enables all denominations and all philosophies to unite together, without confusion, for the triumph of an ideal common to them all.

"To withstand the conqueror, they have realized the necessary miracle—they have not wasted a particle of their moral force. They ask the Government of France to preserve for them that moral force. . . . Ah! what French Deputy, to so anxious and brotherly a call, would refuse to-day to be the Deputy of Alsace and Lorraine! And the day when—for the first time—a question directly touching Alsatian and Lorrain interests is submitted to the French Parliament, I, a Deputy faithful to my constituency of the Charente, but still fervently, passionately Alsatian, have wished to bring hither their strong hope."

STODDARD DEWEY

Paris, July 20

Correspondence

WIPING OUT RACIAL PREJUDICES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following incident occurred during the past week in the routine activity of the coöperative drive of the United States navy and the Navy League for recruits for the navy. That it was wholly spontaneous—absolutely devoid of pre-arrangement—may be accepted as beyond question. That within it lie factors of imperative significance needs not, for comprehension, the acuity of anointed eyes.

In these troublous days pregnant with intense solicitude, the country threatened from without by the entanglements of the greatest of world wars—grievously beset from within by lynchings, strikes, cabals, schisms, and evidence of insidious disloyalty—the genuinely patriotic mind grasps with eagerness the significant refreshment afforded thereby.

At high noon last Saturday a squad of armed jackies, with the colors, and accompanied by a handful of musicians, had been escorted by motors bearing interested civilian assistants to the broad steps of the time-stained Court House. Brief addresses had been made, interspersed by patriotic music; finally one of the seamen, a substantial youth, nearing the threshold of manhood, made the serious and aggressive appeal of the day. The needs of the country, the needs of the navy, the advantages of the service, the duty and responsibility of the citizen to the flag, were all discussed. The earnestness of the speaker and the importance of the subject conspired to hold the listening noontide throng on busy Broadway in a fashion quite remarkable. Nor was this lessened when a satiric lashing of "slackers" and indolent apathy to the call of the Flag followed. The youth had well embarked upon a vigorous peroration of patriotic appeal when his shoulder was touched from behind by an official of the Navy League, and a card was handed him. After glancing at the card, he turned and confronted a coal-black negro—well advanced in years, clean in garb, quiet and dignified in demeanor, a miniature flag affixed to his hat. Without hesitation the seaman grasped the negro's hand, greeted him, and turning presented him to the quiet but keenly observant audience as a veteran of the Civil War, an ex-soldier of the Union army; taking occasion to emphasize, at the time, that to-day there was neither North nor South, and that to Uncle Sam the color of a man's skin was of no import. The ready adaptability of the seaman was fairly matched by the dignity and modesty with which the negro veteran addressed the crowd, making a simple but earnest plea that the white men show their loyalty to the country by enlisting in the navy.

Does it detract from the intensity of the dramatic situation engendered by a negro veteran of the War of the '60s greeted and presented to a Broadway audience by a white seaman of the world war of the present if it be added that both the grandfathers of the seaman in question were officers in the Confederate army, and that the place of this noontide meeting chanced to be upon the very court-house steps that in ante-bellum days had served as an auction block for the vending of slaves?

NORVILL WALLACE SHARPE

St. Louis, June 4

A SPEECH BY DANIEL WEBSTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the benefit of those who think that America is not concerned in the maintenance of international law and political liberty abroad, it may be worth while to recall the following paragraphs from the speech delivered by Daniel Webster in the national House of Representatives, January 19, 1824, on the revolution in Greece:

"It may now be required of me to show what interest *we* have in resisting this new system. What is it to *us*, it may be asked, upon what principles, or what pretences, the European Governments assert a right of interfering in the affairs of their neighbors? The thunder, it may be said, rolls at a distance. The wide Atlantic is between us and danger; and, however others may suffer, *we* shall remain safe.

"I think it is a sufficient answer to this to say that we are one of the nations of the earth; that we have an interest, therefore, in the preservation of that system of national law and national intercourse which has heretofore subsisted, so beneficially for all. Our system of government, it should also be remembered, is, throughout, founded on principles utterly hostile to the new code; and if we remain undisturbed by its operation, we shall owe our security either to our situation or our spirit. The enterprising character of the age, our own active, commercial spirit, the great increase which has taken place in the intercourse

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among civilized and commercial states, have necessarily connected us with other nations, and given us a high concern in the preservation of those salutary principles upon which that intercourse is founded. We have as clear an interest in international law as individuals have in the laws of society."

EVARTS B. GREENE

Urbana, Ill., July 10

COMMERCIALIZING THE PACIFIC

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The islands of Oceanica always have appealed to any one with an imaginative turn of mind. I notice that, on page 43 of the *Nation* for July 12, your reviewer registers a word for them, and bewails the hard fate which is commercializing the Pacific and "hunting Romance out of her last refuge."

However, the change will be a slow one, as can be observed in our own insular possessions. Even in the Hawaiian Islands, so contiguous to the United States that they might be supposed pretty thoroughly Americanized, much of the old primitive life still lingers. It is true, the outrigger canoe and the native village of grass-huts are fast disappearing, and with them go much of the picturesqueness of the tropics. Civilization has come in with framed bungalows and motor-launches, planned and built by modern mechanics. The lazy languor of the torrid zone is being replaced by the rush of modern industrialism; and in Honolulu the whole aspect of life is changed. But if the visitor goes farther afield, he will find that there still remain spots in the outlying islands where the natives live very much as they did in the days of Capt. Cook; where the fisherman from his canoe wonders at the passing of the ocean-freighter, while brown grass huts drowse along the palm-fringed shore, and the rumble of the surf on the coral reef is answered by the thump of the calabash drum.

ROGER SPRAGUE

Berkeley, Cal., July 21

BOOKS

Quantitative Hexameters in English

Ibant Obscuri: An Experiment in the Classical Hexameter. By Robert Bridges. New York: Oxford University Press.

"WHETHER quantitative hexameters can be made congenial to English speech, I do not inquire: I have experimented in writing them." "To whatever opinion I might incline, I am not contending, nor shall I, nor did I ever contend that quantitative classical verse should be written in English, nor have I pretended that any one but myself could be advantaged thereby." "On the day when the Prussians set out to destroy France and burgle Paris, this book was in the press, and up to p. 80 was in type, while the rest of it, as far as here, together with the indexes, was ready for printing. Like other peaceful chores it was laid aside, and it remained on the shelf until late in last year, when the Secretary to the Delegates, wishing to get it completed, put it again in hand to be worked on as convenience allowed." The above sentences, from the introductory chapter and from the postscript, fairly characterize this latest book of the Poet Laureate. An experiment of tranquil days, growing up round a friend's paper on Virgil's hexameter, lovingly and rather quaintly printed, has "loitered on," to appear in these tragic times. One may question whether the thing was worth doing, or worth printing when done; but hostile criticism is disarmed by the author's frank abandonment of any claim. As medium of the experiment was taken for paraphrase the vision of Æneas (Æneid, vi, 268-751 and 893-8), of which the opening words are *ibant obscuri,* and from Homer the interview between Priam and Achilles (*Iliad,* xxiv, 339-660). Under each line of the paraphrase, on the right-hand page, appears in small type the original text, and on the opposite page a cento of earlier renderings in verse and prose, chosen pretty much at random, but so as to give a continuous composite version for comparison. A few lines will illustrate the "quantitative" method; the spelling is the author's, but a few diacritical marks are not reproduced:

Midway of all this tract, with secular arms an immense elm
Reareth a crowd of branches, aneath whose lofty protection
Vain dreams thickly nestle, clinging unto the foliage on high:
And many strange creatures of monstrous form and features
Stable about th' entrance, Centaur and Scylla's abortion,
And hundred-handed Briareus, and Lerna's wild beast. . . .
(*Æn. vi,* 283-8.)

Yet slow time still worketh on us to remove the defilement,
Till it hath eaten away the acquir'd dross, leaving again free
That first fiery vigour, the celestial virtue of our life.
All whom here thou seest, hav accomplished purification:
Unto the stream of Lethe a god their company calleth,
That forgetful of old failure, pain, & disappointment,
They may again into earthly bodies with glad courage enter.
(*Æn. vi,* 745-51.)

Thus sed he, and th' old king reassured spake after in answer:
"See, lad, how good it is to offer due gifts in atonement
Unto the gods: for, sure as he liv'd, my son never injur'd,
Nay nor at home forgat, the powers that rule in Olympos:
Wherefore ev'n i' the grave have they his piety remember'd."
(*Il. xxiv,* 424-8.)

Some of these lines—those in which the beat (ictus) is marked by unmistakable word-accents—read smoothly and acceptably; strict quantity may limp, but the reader is left in no doubt. When the rhythm is not Virgil's nor Homer's, it is Longfellow's. It is not these lines, however, but the others, which do not move smoothly—at least until they are explained—that embody the experiment, as is fully set forth in the introductory chapter and in a final "Note on Stone's Prosody." That chapter includes a good statement of the relation, in Virgil's rhythm, between word-accent and verse-ictus. It is also an argument for accepting in English hexameters, not only those types of divergence between word-accent and ictus which Virgil admitted and liked, but also some other divergences which are available in English but were not in Latin. If we are to have quantitative hexameters in English, which we have seen Mr. Bridges neither affirms nor denies, he holds that such divergences are a part of the artistic material, as they were for Virgil. And so far we may agree.

Yet underneath the entire argument, and making plausible to him the thought that we may have in English as in Latin such quantitative hexameters, with considerable lack of agreement between word-accent and verse-ictus, lies what we must hold to be a misconception. It is stated in a foot-note on page 2. The inventors of the Greek system, we are there told, recognizing that syllabic length is the proper basis of verse-rhythm, were confronted with the

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practical difficulty that syllabic units were of indeterminate length. So they "agreed to be contented with two lengths, and made artificial rules for all rhythmic composition, by which every syllable was pronounced as either long (= 2) or short (= 1); and this distinction had to be learned, just as we should have to learn the rules of an analogous fiction in English, for in their common speech the Greek syllables were as various in length as ours are." The same artificial distinction of syllables into two lengths the Latins "imposed on their own strongly stressed speech. As the beauty of the Greek result determined the Latin imitation, so their success may encourage us in a similar venture."

But the facts as now accepted by scholars offer us no such encouragement. The Greek pitch-accent was as free from stress as our organ music, in which rhythm is as clear as in piano music; the Latin pitch-accent was accompanied by a slight stress, not so strong but that it could be subordinated to quantity, as the entire matter of accent and its place within the word depended largely on quantity. Not until the second century of our era at earliest did the stress element become dominant. The change was of course gradual. In Greek from pre-Homeric times till well on in the Empire the relative length of syllables was a dominant quality; stress was level, or variation in it was too slight to be felt as an essential feature of any syllable. Moreover, in every language, old Greek no less than English, speech is shaped, the relative length of syllables is largely determined, by the rhythmizing impulse, an imperative instinct, under which syllables are more or less plastic. The verse-maker furnishes a collection of syllables that yields readily to this impulse and results in rhythmic utterance of recognized current patterns. There were no "inventors of the Greek system," who "agreed to be contented with two lengths, and made artificial rules" about the matter. When the heroic hexameter was taking shape, Greek vocables were so spoken by ordinary people as to produce often a dactylic movement. Sentences were readily so composed as to be spoken, without artifice and without distortion, in the hexameter rhythm. By the fifth century the language in Athens had so changed that the iambic trimeter was nearer to ordinary speech. Neither in these nor in lyric rhythms had accent—that is, changes in pitch—anything to do with rhythmization.

In Latin speech quantitative distinctions were equally clear, and stress not so prominent but that the Greek model could be followed to a considerable extent; yet the senarius of comedy was compelled to observe accents much more closely than Virgil does, and Horace had nothing like the freedom of the Greek lyrists in regard to word-accents. The Christian hymn-writers had very little. In English, on the other hand, as in most modern European languages (French holds a peculiar position) variation in stress is so dominant a factor, both in sentence-flow and in the single word of more than one syllable, that it cannot be ignored or subordinated. Syllable, word, and phrase are still plastic under the rhythmizing impulse, and rhythm is still, as always, a definite arrangement of time-intervals. Syllabic quantities may be varied a good deal; less important stress-accents even are dealt with more freely, under the rhythmizing impulse, in prose and verse alike, than one would believe who has not carefully observed the matter. But enough verse-beats or ictuses must be marked by clear stress-accents to enable the reader to place the rest; else the poet's design is obscure. Of course, we must assume an accustomed ear, normal experience in reading verse; but when "artificial rules" are needed, the verses will never be accepted by the public. Verse-patterns that no one can make out who is not familiar with Virgil can never be "congenial to English speech." Finally, such rules of prosody as Mr. Bridges gives in the "Note on Stone's Prosody" are hopelessly wrong, because they ignore that elasticity of syllables under the rhythmizing impulse. He himself observes that the same vowel-quality may in some cases be either long or short; and in our speech consonant-combinations are spoken trippingly that to a Greek or Roman would have made the strongest kind of "position." To approach the subject from that side can lead to nothing.

It may be granted that one who knows Virgil and accepts the requisite conventions will come to find some—not all—of these "quantitative" hexameters agreeable. The notes contain some fine observations—as those on the subtlety of the conversation between Priam and the disguised Hermes; and the discussion which maintains that a literal prose translation has a much better chance of introducing the real Homer to an English reader than any translation in modern English verse-forms.

Four Recent Novels

His Own Country. By Paul Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A Love Tangle. By F. E. Penny. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Where Your Treasure Is. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Bros.

Dandelions. By Coulson T. Cade. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

ONE cannot doubt that in "His Own Country" Mr. Kester has undertaken a serious study of the American "race problem," by way of a story that, despite its extreme length, is of sustained if at times greatly attenuated interest. There is too much spouting in it, too much detail of every kind. We are spared no syllable of the public eloquence of the hero-villain, J. C. Brent, and his method is polysyllabic. And it is hardly fair that the author, long tied down to the compressions and omissions of the theatre, should at the same moment give himself up to voluptuous license as to space and time, and retain his privileges of theatrical arrangement in the matter of situation and plot. Probably habit is too strong for him, or he may have judged that methods good enough for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were good enough for him. The analogy is not a very good one, for there was never a shadow of doubt as to what "Uncle Tom" was driving at, while this book leaves the reader in a good deal of a muddle. On the whole, if there is any sort of lesson taught or conclusion arrived at here, we should take it to be that the problem is insoluble, that black and white character and manners, like black and white blood, can never be mingled for good; that in its mongrel "colored" fellow-citizenship, the fruit of its own loins, the white race in America has bred a monster that may some day prove its undoing. Against the familiar post-bellum background of decaying Southern "chivalry," is sharply projected the figure of the hapless protagonist. J. C. Brent, a prosperous and respected physician of Montreal, has come into some wealth, in middle age, and, being Southern born, deter-

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mines to go back to "his own country," for which he has long been homesick. Through an agent, he purchases Comorn Hall, one of the finest old estates of his birthplace, Weyanoke Cross Roads, Virginia. Weyanoke and Comorn are sadly in need of "Northern money," and the chivalry assemble to welcome Dr. Brent. But he turns out to be Julius Cæsar, a "yellow boy" who has been a slave at Comorn just before the war, and a runaway to the North. There is much to be said, in theory, for the former slave—that he is less than one-eighth "black," that he has been accepted in a white community as an intellectual and social equal, that he is a man of dignified presence and established character. He has married a white wife, an Englishwoman, and has two extraordinarily attractive children. No matter, Weyanoke Cross Roads rates him "a nigger," and from its judgment there is no appeal. Given this situation, Mr. Kester proceeds to work it out dramatically by making Brent fight, at first as an individual, and later as prophet of and leader of his race. The upshot of the long narrative shows how he fails, and is bound to fail. For fully and strongly as the case for "the nigger" is put by Brent in speech, it is all belied by Brent in action. He can go so far and no farther towards greatness, fails always to meet the supreme tests. "You'se mos' white, Julius," cries his old mammy, towards the end. "Why can't you fink an' ack like a white man, honey? Your pa he were a white man, an' your grandpa were a white man, too; can't you fink an' ack like you was white, too, honey?" He cannot: life is too much for him, and it is only death that he can meet on equal grounds. This theory of his essential inferiority by reason of the "black drop" in him emerges as the dubitable idea underlying this elaborate and, on the whole, melodramatic narrative.

The author of "A Love Tangle" has written many romances of Anglo-Indian life. This one has to do with a race situation which has never become a race problem in our sense. The Eurasians of India bear rather melancholy witness to a certain irregular mingling of the races; but East is East and West is West, and Mrs. Penny here illustrates the impossibility of anything like a successful fusion of white and brown—Saxon and Hindu, say—cousin-Aryans though they be. She presents a typical English official family summering in a "Hills" resort of Southern India. The father, a Colonel, is in France with his troops. The mother and two grown daughters have their little society, their club, their teas, and tennis, in true British fashion. Among the friends of the family are several youngish men, an English Judge, a wounded officer who is suffering from "shell-shock," and a high-caste Hindu. The last-named youth has been educated in England, has acquired, up to a certain point, the manner and tastes and moral code of an English gentleman. The action of this narrative brings out the inevitable struggle that must take place in him, as a Government official, between his duty to his office and his duty to his family and race. One of his cousins commits a wanton murder. His family all deplore it, but not one of them dreams of leaving him to Justice. The young official, Naroyan, has it in his power to contrive the escape of the culprit before his trial. According to the code of his people, it is his duty to do this; according to the code of the English, including the pretty, wholesome "Miss Molly" with whom he is half in love, he must ignore everything but the claims of the law which he has sworn to serve. The dilemma is complete: he is cleared of it only by removal to another district. There is another battle to be fought, between his romantic feeling for the frank and friendly Miss Molly and his sense of fitness. Even if there were a chance of her returning his love in earnest—a chance of marriage—he knows that the result would be disastrous. He himself, by instinct and heredity, desires something very different in a wife from what any English girl could bring him. So Naroyan duly, and not altogether unhappily, disappears from the scene, and the quartet of exiled young Britons are left to arrange themselves in the predestined way. It is a piece of amiable, feminine writing, relieved, for the Occidental reader, by freshness of setting and motive.

"Where Your Treasure Is" is the masculine sort of nonsense, the "rattling" sort. As usual, Mr. Day makes spirited work with his men, and tame and perfunctory work with his women. He has in his fancy the dim vision of lovely woman as a thing you have to deal with if you are going to write a popular story. She is always the same woman for his purpose, the miraculously refined and courageous daughter of the rough skipper, or cruel Gradgrind, with whom the hero has to contend. There are two of her in this tale, two little Evas whose surname is Day. It is a long yarn, somewhat too long to rattle freely from start to finish. It concerns a young village ne'er-do-well who becomes a master diver, and, after many more or less relevant adventures on land, accomplishes the rescue of a fabulous treasure of gold ingots which has been buried for generations in the sands of the Pacific. What one has to complain of is that so much of the fantastic tale is set ashore; for Mr. Day's illusion, his glamour at least, is soaked in salt water.

"Dandelions" is a story of odd and vaguely reminiscent flavor—Peacockian, if we were to give it a name. Its quaint style, its sly humor, recall the author of "Headlong Hall" and "Gryll Grange." The atmosphere of the tale is of the older time, and, though the action brings us to the present, nothing could well be more remote from our "modern" tendencies and exigencies. The two Carnes, father and son, are the chief objects of our chronicler's demure attention. What seems to interest him is their likeness, and the helpless way in which the son's nature impels him to follow his father's footsteps—along the path, especially, of amorous adventure. It is all mildly amusing, and a trifle wicked, ending on a note of what on the whole deserves to be called malice rather than irony.

The Irish Problem

The Soul of Ulster. By Ernest W. Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Doing My Bit for Ireland. By Margaret Skinnider. New York: The Century Co. $1 net.

IT is often the case that books which have little importance and small distinction are yet of great assistance for understanding the things to which they relate. And so it is with these volumes: they themselves need little notice and will not be a great while remembered, but they do give to the reader who has time to go through them vivid understanding of the difficulties to be encountered by those who would settle Irish affairs. And the value of these writings is greater because of their evident faults. That they were conceived in minds narrow and prejudiced, dwelling

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within small dimensions where the spirit can behold very little while it works with heightened ardor, brings to those far away clearer realization how hard is the problem which statesmen must work upon, and how deep and fundamental are the differences which divide the parts of hapless Ireland.

It may be also that perusal of such books will do further good in this country. Since the beginning of the war sympathy has been very generally with the Allies, but for Great Britain there has often been fainter friendliness or even some hostile regard, and this to considerable extent from sense of injustice towards Ireland. It has been to small purpose that some informed neither by Tories abroad nor from newspapers of immigrants in New York have pointed out that England has changed, that whatever the sins of the past she is anxious now to do honorable justice, that of late she has made much amends, and is prevented from settling the whole question partly because of circumstances pertaining to Irishmen and beyond her control. The slight and transient and narrow writings which are appearing more frequently as two Irish parties set forth their cause will make it, no doubt, much easier for people to comprehend what these difficulties are.

Mr. Hamilton complains, we think justly, that abroad the position of Ulster is not properly realized. It may be that this is because for three generations now a host of embittered patriots and refugees has fled here from Celtic Ireland and told in burning words the tale of their wrongs, while during that time there has been little immigration hither of the Scotch-Irish from the north. They seem, moreover, to have been a silent folk, not caring for propaganda, but resolute themselves and on guard.

Perhaps the soul of Ulster is actually revealed in this book, as the author reveals himself. If his point of view be accepted, it may be said that his writing is careful, moderate, and restrained; but he would probably fail to comprehend that his cause is not altogether right, and undoubtedly he has so strong a conviction of the Celtic inhabitants being inferior and untrustworthy that compromise with them would be nearly impossible. This has long been the very attitude of a great number of sturdy and intelligent people about Belfast, and it is this which makes arrangement with Ulster so difficult. But certainly whoever maintains what these people believe would be very loath to yield anything—whatsoever.

The author affirms that the plantation of Ulster was justified originally, and its results are sanctified now by long prescription; that the conduct of its people has usually been moderate and just; that Cromwell, though stern and efficient, was not cruel, and was not disliked by Irishmen in his own time; that the prosperity and civilization of modern Ireland have been largely created by the settlers of the north, hampered though they have always been through secret destruction and cowardly violence about them. Home Rule would certainly result in another attempt to dispossess the Protestant settlers of their footing in the land, and this would be done through political injustice, petty persecution, and agrarian outrage.

His attitude towards Sinn Fein is interesting. Because of the anti-clerical character which he believes it to possess, he thinks that there exist within it immense possibilities for an ultimate settlement. At present insuperable barriers between the two portions of the Irish population are religion and race. Through this movement sectarian barriers may after a while be broken down, and then slowly thereafter racial differences also. "A mixed breed may, and probably will, arise; but its spread will be slow, and the true Ulsterman will relinquish his birthright reluctantly, and only by the pressure of very gradual processes."

Miss Skinnider's book is a striking contribution not only to an understanding of the spirit which led to the Easter rebellion, but, since the writer is confessedly a suffragette, we think also to the strange and baffling spirit of the militant women. There is an account of the insurrection and of the particular incidents which she witnessed, but this is neither so full nor so striking as other narratives lately published. The book is largely about the authoress herself, and its particular value lies in the glimpse it affords of the character of herself and her comrades in the cause.

The work is written, we should judge, with a great deal of sincerity and is a simple tale from the heart. It reveals a woman strong in character and mind, with enthusiasm and unquenchable ardor for the purposes set before her, and not above complete trust and blind confidence in the leaders to whom she gives fealty. She never seems to doubt that the British have always been oppressors and are wicked oppressors at present; that they have done nothing helpful or deserving of grateful remembrance; that Sinn Fein and the newer nationalist movement are holy things which should be urged forward with no thought of compromise and no consideration that around the little island a vast whirlpool of war has engulfed the world. And there is the tragedy of it all, the reason why Mr. Lloyd George must almost despair of adjusting Irish affairs. In the north inflexible men and women who fear the future and fear the present because they remember the past. Elsewhere in the island many who, going back to the seventh or the twelfth or the sixteenth century, and seeing dimly over departed years the mystical excellence and romantic beauty of a Celtic past which they call up again, would restore something of it now for themselves, in an Irish nationalism revived and made pure. And for this they work on, and will not see and cannot hear that all about them the world is afire, and that greater things are rocking and toppling and threatened with destruction. Is there no hope for Ireland? Is it altogether peopled with dreamers and fanatics? Must it be held down by force? We hope not, and believe that these things are not so. For has it not a still larger number of people reasonable and moderate in whom the hope of the future can be? Perhaps they write fewer books than the enthusiasts boasting of mad rebellions or the strait partisans who oppose all reform.

There is much in this second book to inform the curious. "Madam" Markiewicz is seen more clearly than before, strong, competent, irreconcilable. The authorities must have thought her very troublesome, and really we are tempted to believe that the activities at her house in Leinster Road could only have continued under a very lenient and a rather liberal government. We think of this again when the authoress tells with quiet pride how disguised she walked about the streets with Fianna boys, whistling rebel tunes, and forcing each British soldier whom they met to take to the gutter, "telling him the streets of Dublin were no place 'for the likes of him.'" Everything that was done by the rebels during their rising seems to her noble and heroic, and she glories in it, but is unable to understand how the punishments meted out could be just. More than once she indicates that the stories of Belgian atrocities pale

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beside the work of the British during the terrible fortnight, but the examples afforded are not convincing. The worst that she writes of is little beside what was done at Louvain, Melen-la-Bouxhe, and Francorchamps.

It is interesting to note, whatever be the explanation, that German things were flaunted before the British by Sinn Feiners. Some time before the war "Madam" took the Fianna boys to the opening performance of "An Englishman's Home," and, when the invaders appeared on the stage, had the boys rise and sing "The Watch on the Rhine" in German, so that the curtain was rung down amidst riot. At Frongoch in Wales, where some of the prisoners were confined after the insurrection, a song was sung in which every verse ended with the line: "Sinn Feiners, Pro-Germans, alive, alive O!" Part of a song of the Irish Citizen Army ran as follows:

King George he is a coward, that no one can deny,
When the Germans come to England, from there he'll have to fly;
And if he comes to Ireland then, by God, he'll have to die,
And we'll still go marching on!

. . . . . .

When the Germans come to free us, we will lend a helping hand,
For we believe they're just as good as any in the land,
They're bound to win our rights for us, let England go be damned!
And we'll still keep marching on!

The songs contained in the last part of this volume must have caused anxiety if they came to the attention of British statesmen; but doubtless the authoress is right when she declares that "England has never understood us so little as in these last ten years."

A Half-Forgotten Explorer

David Thompson's Narrative of his Explorations in Western America, 1784–1812. Edited by J. B. Tyrrell. Toronto: Champlain Society.

THIS is Volume XII of the Publications of the Champlain Society and fully maintains the high standard which the society had set up. The selection of Dr. Tyrrell as editor was a particularly happy one. The combination of scholarship and practical knowledge of almost unknown regions is exceedingly rare. Dr. Tyrrell had already proved his possession of these qualities in his excellent editorial work on the Champlain Society's edition of Samuel Hearne's "Journey," and the manner in which he has edited the present narrative confirms his reputation. In his years of service with the Geological Survey of Canada he had occasion to explore much of the country traversed by either Hearne or David Thompson, and in more than one case he has had the unique distinction of being the only white man since their day to visit the remote regions discovered by these early explorers of Northwestern America.

The name of David Thompson suggests little or nothing to the average reader of to-day, and yet few men have had a larger part in the exploration of this continent. Thompson was born in Westminster, England, in 1770. He was educated at the Gray Coat School, and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at the age of fourteen. He reached Fort Churchill in 1784, and for the next twenty-eight years was engaged nominally in the fur trade, but really in the exploration of the great Northwest. At the time he first reached Fort Churchill the famous stone stronghold of the Hudson's Bay Company, Fort Prince of Wales, was in ruins, having been captured and destroyed by the French under La Pérouse a couple of years before. Samuel Hearne, who had ignominiously surrendered the fort, was still in charge of the trading post. Thompson's first experience in Western travel, the following year, was sufficiently trying for a boy of fifteen. He was ordered to go on foot, without provisions, to Fort Nelson, 150 miles distant, his only companions being two Indians. His entertaining account of this journey along the bleak shores of Hudson Bay, where huge polar bears more than once disputed the way, forms a fitting introduction to a lifetime of travels covering the immense region from Hudson Bay to the Pacific and from Great Slave Lake to the upper waters of the Mississippi. In 1797 he left the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and joined the North West Company, with which he remained until 1812. The present narrative ends in that year, when he had completed his surveys of the Columbia River and retired from the fur country. Subsequently, between 1816 and 1826, he was employed as astronomer to the International Boundary Commission under the Treaty of Ghent, and surveyed the boundary line from St. Regis, Quebec, to the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods. He died in 1857, in such abject poverty that he had been forced to sell his instruments and pawn his coat to buy food for himself and his family. He lies buried in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal, "without mark or monument to show his resting-place."

Thompson left behind him a long series of journals in which he had systematically recorded the results of his surveys, astronomical observations, meteorological data, vocabularies of Indian tribes, etc., for a period of twenty-eight years. The present narrative was prepared by him, with the aid of these journals, when he was about seventy years of age. The journals, as well as Thompson's remarkable manuscript map of Northwestern America, are preserved in the Provincial Archives at Toronto. Dr. Tyrrell, himself a surveyor and explorer of international reputation, bears repeated tribute to the extraordinary accuracy of Thompson's work, all the more remarkable in view of the immense territory he covered. At the age of nineteen, for instance, while stationed at Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan, he took a series of observations to fix the position of the trading post. "On the maps of Canada," says Tyrrell, "its position has been changed many times, but the latest surveys have brought it back to the place to which it was assigned by the young astronomer one hundred and twenty-five years ago." "This result," he adds, "is quite astonishing, and puts to shame much even of the good observing of the present day." At that time there were very few other points in the whole continent of America whose positions on the earth's surface were as accurately known as this remote trading post on the Saskatchewan. "Such," again says Tyrrell, "was the beginning of his long career of geodetic surveying which was to make him the greatest practical land geographer that the world has produced. Very few men have had the opportunity of exploring the half of a great new continent, and no one else has ever seized the opportunity as David Thompson did. For many thousand of miles in pursuit of my work as a geologist it was my good fortune to travel over the same routes that he had travelled a century before, and to take

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observations on the sun and stars on the very spots where he had observed; and while my instruments may have been better than his, his surveys and observations were invariably found to have an accuracy that left little or nothing to be desired."

Dr. Tyrrell provides a satisfactory Introduction to Thompson's Narrative, in addition to a very complete equipment of historical, geographical, and scientific notes, in which he had the valuable assistance of Mr. T. C. Elliott, of Walla Walla, Washington, who has made a special study of the early history of the Columbia Valley, and of Mr. E. A. Preble, of the Biological Survey, Washington. The book contains a number of illustrations, from photographs by Tyrrell and others, and several maps, including a reproduction of Thompson's manuscript map already mentioned.

The Yale Oriental Series

The Dated Alexander Coinage of Sidon and Ake. By Edward T. Newell. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

THIS recent addition to the Yale Oriental series deserves a hearty welcome. The importance of the "Alexander" coins issued by the Phœnician mints of Sidon and Ake has long been recognized. Thousands of coins with the types of Alexander the Great, struck during the lifetime of the conqueror and long after his death, are in existence. Many of them, especially the series issued after the middle of the third century B. C., are dated by a numeral to a definite year in one or another of the many "eras" which were in use in the kingdoms that sprang from Alexander's empire. Of the coins issued before the middle of the third century, however, the only ones that are dated in this way are those which were struck by the two Phœnician mints. Mr. Newell's monograph is an attempt to bring together all the available evidence for the activities of these mints and to reëxamine the problem of the dating of their various issues.

This is a sort of work which Americans, as a rule, have been content to leave to foreign scholars, and perhaps the highest praise that can be bestowed on the author is to say that his monograph need not fear comparison with similar writings of European numismatists. He has brought together many more specimens than have been known before, including many in his own collection; he has described them accurately, and by a minute study of style, use of dies, and so forth, has arranged them in chronological order; and he has set forth the reasons for his arrangement clearly and logically. The most important single contribution which he makes to the study of the Alexander coins is that the coins of Ake are dated, not by the era of Alexander, beginning in 336 or 333 B. C., as has commonly been assumed, but by two different eras, one beginning in 347 B. C., the other in 315 B. C. This theory he seems to us to have proved conclusively, and it is to be hoped that he will some day give us, in detail, its results for the undated "Alexander" issues, at which he only hints in the present work.

The make-up of the monograph is eminently satisfactory. Printed in large, clear type, with ten beautiful collotype plates, it must have cost much more to produce than can ever be obtained from sales. It is thus a new earnest of the willingness of the American University presses which have been founded in recent years to undertake the publication of scholarly works which could not be accepted by commercial publishing houses. We must confess, however, to a certain disappointment in finding a considerable number of misprints and several cases of a decidedly careless use of English, to say the least. Surely a university press ought not to allow one of its publications to be marred by the sentence, "As we proceed with our studies of the Ake mint, we will find many points all speaking in favor of an era commencing in and around the year 347 B. C." (p. 58), or by such expressions as "the fewness of their number" (p. 63) and "such Alexander coins of Sidon and Ake known up to that time" (p. 64). It is interesting, too, that, although collections of coins "are noted throughout the work with the name of the city for public collections," the Yale collection is referred to by "Yale" alone, an inconsistency which may cause a smile in other centres of learning.

Notes

THE following volumes are announced for publication by Paul Elder & Company: "Textiles and Costume Design," by Evelyn Peters Ellsworth, and "To Arms," by Edward Robeson Taylor.

J. B. Lippincott Company announce for immediate publication the following volumes: "The Complete U. S. Infantry Guide"; "Pictorial Photography," by Paul L. Anderson; "The Garden Under Glass," by M. F. Rowels; "The Adventures of the Greyfur Family," by Vera and Helene Nyce.

THERE can never be too much of the refined and much-experienced criticism such as Mr. W. C. Brownell's essay on "Standards," which we all read in *Scribner's Magazine* and are glad to have now as a book with Scribner's imprint ($1). Mr. Brownell takes a wide enough survey from his altitude, including manners, morals, art, and literature in his censure; and he can be genial or ironical at will. There is no man, in this country or in England, who has a better right to speak with authority on the apparent waning from the world of those standards of taste, at once vigorous and refined, on which depend so many of the better pleasures of life.

IF the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell wrote his memoir of "Arthur Stanton" (Longmans, Green; $3.50) for those who like himself are personally familiar with Father Stanton's ministry at St. Alban's, Holborn, or are otherwise deeply concerned in that union of Catholic sacramentalism and radical socialism which Father Stanton so fervidly represented, then the book is none too long; but for the ordinary reader, even for one who can find interest in a pretty strong dose of English ecclesiasticism, there is certainly three times too much of it. Father Stanton, for all his working years, was one of the St. Alban's clergy who had to bear the brunt of the ultra-Protestant persecution of the ritualists. He was himself a strange compound of the Anglican Catholic hungering at the Roman gates and of the Methodistic revivalist; very much a priest and very much a man; a friend of the outcast and, possibly, not quite sufficiently a friend of the "coppers." One of the more significant passages of his life is the misunderstanding between him and Pusey.

MR. WALDO EMERSON FORBES has succeeded in cultivating something of the style both of thought and

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of expression which one finds in the writings of the great essayist, his grandfather, whom his name brings to mind. His "Cycles of Personal Belief" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net) is the sincere portrayal of a kind of intuitive philosophy or personal faith, with no pretence at technical exactitude, but with a certain poetic charm that will appeal to the sympathetic reader. The reader must indeed be sympathetic or he will soon be impatient, and he must not come to this little book in search of an intellectual exposition or defence of philosophical concepts. It is "personal belief" rather than philosophy in which Mr. Forbes is interested. Beginning with childhood's illusions, he describes the passage of a mind through disillusion and then on to "reillusion." There, in fact, he leaves him, but with a faith not altogether irrational in the trustworthiness of unproved intuition. "As we begin to treat our own consciousness with the reverence which is its due, romance begins to steal into the world, now here and now there, until one day we discover that the poetic element which we thought we had analyzed and explained, had in reality eluded us, had retreated out of our experience long before our clumsy thoughts could grapple with it. And here are our illusions back again, or new ones more potent to make us wonder."

WE have been interested in the contrast presented by two volumes of letters from the trenches which appear simultaneously. One of these, the "Letters of Arthur George Heath" (Longmans, Green; $1.25), is an admirable expression of what may be called the normal state of mind of a young Englishman who went from teaching philosophy at Oxford to take his place in the battle-line; the other, "A Soldier of France to His Mother" (McClurg; $1), translated by Theodore Stanton, gives the intimate feelings of a young French artist who took up the same service for his own country. Nor are the introductions to the two volumes less significant than the letters themselves. In Professor Gilbert Murray's story of the life of his colleague there is the characteristic English note, although this note, as might be expected from the writer, rises here and there a little too close to the sentimentally idealistic to be perfectly true to norm. M. André Chevrillon's preface, a considerable part of which is taken over by Mr. Stanton, is for its part very typically French. We shall not attempt to analyze these differences here in detail; the books are both small, both interesting, and the reader who cares for such psychological distinctions will prefer to draw out the parallel for himself. To one reader the English note will appeal more strongly, to another the French, in accordance with his temperament. The present reviewer admits that his deeper sympathies are with the Englishman. There is something in the young Oxford don's way of facing the facts of his life honestly, with no illusion of the imagination, yet with a steady and at times humorous desire to make the best of them, something in his sense of routine obligation, in the very absence of a transforming imagination, which makes one feel as if standing on the bedrock of truth. No doubt there is more of poetry in the French artist's letters, a finer expression of sentiment, but somehow, comparing one of his pages with another, one cannot escape the suspicion that there is a certain amount of self-deception in his moods, and that his poetry is a more or less conscious effort to overlay and conceal a real *défaillance* of spirit. This is to put the case too bluntly. There is no cowardice in his self-surrender; he fights and dies like a true soldier of France; but there is nevertheless—what shall we call it?—just a suspicion of unreality in his idealism, a way of mixing the definitions of war, as if it were at once both heaven and hell, which sends one back with a sense of relief to the less-complicated conscientiousness of the Englishman.

TO the conscientious soul who fears that in attributing to the Germans an exceptional degree of megalomania he may be guilty of prejudice, William Archer's "Gems (?) of German Thought," a collection of some five hundred citations from recent German political literature (Doubleday, Page; $1.25 net), will be on the whole reassuring. It would be more so if the value of the collection depended less upon the Nietzsche-Treitschke-Bernhardi trinity and Werner Sombart (who contributes the choicest) and upon the German pastors. For pastors of all nations have a way of identifying the cause of the nation with the cause of God—indeed, it is not clear what else a patriotic pastor can do. On the whole, however, the "gems" bear witness to an astounding national egotism for this day and generation. At the same time they stimulate to reflection and self-examination. One is forced to the conclusion that the best of them would have seemed less rare a generation or two ago. For example, the following, from Sombart: "We understand all foreign nations; none of them understands us, and none of them can understand us." This is clearly enough infantile, and a typical illustration of the adolescent effeminacy which is so characteristic of German ruthlessness. But as an expression of straightforward self-glorification it is perhaps only a little worse than the claim to be "the land of the free and the home of the brave"—if we

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make that claim seriously. The chief reflection excited by Mr. Archer's "Gems" is that it has remained for Teutonic simplicity to make national egotism disgusting.

FOR a war correspondent who frankly confesses that he does not know much French or Italian, Will Irwin has gathered some good anecdotes and shrewd observations in his volume on "The Latin at War" (Appleton; $1.75 net). His pages may lack the charm of the first-hand narrative of *poilu* or ambulance driver, but they contain a good deal of intelligent reflection, and there is no bluff and not too much rhetoric. Needless to say, like all Americans who have gone among the French during the war, he has an unlimited admiration for "the heroine of the nations." But he also thinks well of the Italians, especially of the Alpini. He vividly describes their transportation of cannon and of troops across mountain valleys on suspension cables. He first visited Belgium soon after the German invasion, but in this volume he deals only with the impressions of his second trip to France, February 22, 1916, which coincided with the great attack on Verdun. He likens it to Gettysburg, that other great defensive action in which the losing army was neither captured nor scattered. In his most serious chapter, The Army of Equals, he analyzes excellently those peculiar democratic factors in the French army which have made it superior, man for man, to the German machine.

THE compiler of the handsome volume, "The Conquest of Virginia: The Forest Primeval, an Account, Based on Original Documents, of the Indians in that Portion of the Continent in which was Established the First English Colony in America," by Conway Whittle Sams (Putnam; $3.50 net), is a member of the Virginia Bar and author of a useful work on "Attachments." He has taken advantage of his leisure hours by making excerpts from old writers, such as Captain John Smith, Hariot, Strachey, Spelman, and others. The compiler makes no pretence of offering a critical study, but has merely assembled what seemed to him interesting in the texts cited, distributing his material under captions; for example, "The Indian Character," "Marriage," "Seasons and Festivals," "Political Laws and the Art of War," "Religion," "Tribes and Nations." The procedure, therefore, is that of the ordered scrapbook, and within those limitations the work has been faithfully done, an intensive index contributing much to the value of the book. The illustrations are mainly from the familiar plates of De Bry, after the drawings of John White, who was among the first of the English in America. There is still opportunity for some one to issue a complete set of White's drawings, now at the British Museum, with full critical commentary. Mr. Sams announces in his preface that "the present volume is the first of a series . . . to bring out the long and difficult struggle which our forefathers had in acquiring this goodly heritage. We have called the work as a whole 'The Conquest of Virginia.'"

SINCE the advent of the Freudian psychology it appears that nothing more is needed to qualify as a philosopher and a sage than an acquaintance with the abnormal and the insane. In his "Mental Adjustments" (Appleton; $2.50 net) Dr. Frederic Lyman Wells, of McLean Hospital, Waverley, Massachusetts, brings together a number of observations in mental pathology, his own among others, which, though doubtless instructive, are not startling when judged by Freudian standards, and upon the basis of which he is able to offer us a complete guide to human life. Dr. Wells's scheme is simple, though the details are far from clear. The human soul is a system of *quasi* electric currents, of energies (trends) and resistances, among which the problem of life is to effect a balance. Dr. Wells is so absorbed in his analogy as to be unconscious of any difference, and one wonders whether his figurative description of the human soul might not serve equally well as a figurative introduction to the laws of electricity. In a motor car, of course, the energy consumed in electric lights reduces the energy available for propelling the car; or, to reverse the terms, loss of energy in one direction is balanced by gain in another. It does not follow from this that in a human being loss of satisfaction in family life may be made good by outside interests. It is quite as possible that interest in outside affairs, so far from being "balanced" and diminished, will only be increased by the "release of energy" along lines of family happiness—in other words, that the possibility of expenditure in one direction will be increased by expenditure in the other. Nor will it occur to any true lover to think of the joys of married life as a compensation for loss of independence; on Freudian principles this mode of conceiving the married state presupposes a more or less henpecked husband. To speak of human motives in terms of physical forces has doubtless a pragmatic value; it is one of those devices, common in supposedly scientific psychology, which enable persons of no especial depth of mental experience to talk comfortably about the mind. As applied to obsessions of the neurotic and insane it has a certain plausibility. But the device has long since lost its novelty; and it is surely too much to ask that all of our views of life be based upon the external observation of minds confused and darkened.

THE new handbook on "The Potato" (Macmillan; $1.50 net) has the usual solid merits of the volumes in Professor Bailey's Rural Science series. It is the work of Profs. A. W. Gilbert and M. F. Barrus, of the Cornell College of Agriculture, and of Mr. Daniel Dean, a former president of the New York State Potato Association. Upon a brief history of the potato and an outline of methods of breeding, follow several chapters (by Mr. Dean) in which the "practical" part of the book will be found. Here is material upon the climate, soils, and systems of rotation best suited to the potato, upon the proper use of manures and fertilizers, and upon right methods of planting and caring for the growing crop. The casual reader may be surprised to learn that ours in the United States is not a good potato climate. On the whole, this country is too hot and too dry for a big yield. A good corn country, it appears, is a poor potato country. "The most famous potato-growing regions of Europe are several degrees north of any part of the United States, except Alaska." The mean summer heat of Northern Germany, for instance, is some degrees lower than that of most of what we think our best potato country. Only in northern Maine and near-by portions of Canada does the potato do its best over here. The statistics of annual yields show this readily. For example, in 1914 the average acre yield for America was 96 bushels, for Maine 206 bushels—a fine showing for cool, damp Maine, till we compare it with 311 bushels for the Netherlands and 388 for Belgium in the same year! By another of those agricultural ironies

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with which the American farmer is familiar, the cool, wet weather which is best for the potato plant also encourages the dreaded late blight. The present volume contains three useful chapters on insect enemies and diseases of the potato, and the best methods of control. Of timely value is the chapter on the problems of marketing and storage.

IN "The Growth of Medicine from the Earliest Times to About 1800" (Yale University Press; $5 net) Dr. Albert H. Buck presents an interesting account of the important individuals and schools, as well as theories and discoveries, marking the slow progress of medicine in its development as an art and a science. Although the general arrangement is chronological, and in the early chapters along the familiar lines of Oriental medicine, Greek medicine, and Roman medicine, with special chapters for Hippocrates, Galen, and the Alexandrian School, the author has introduced many valuable chapters dealing in conclusive way with special phases or advances, not so differentiated in the more technical history of medicine. The most striking of these are chapters outlining the development of certain of the allied sciences of medicine, as pharmacy, chemistry, botany, pathological anatomy, and experimental pharmacology, as also chapters on early hospitals and medical instruction in the Middle Ages. The book is not intended for the student of medical history, but for the physician who wishes to become acquainted with the essential phases of that earlier medicine upon which his own theory and practice had been built. It is an interesting, readable account, attractively illustrated, and it is to be hoped that in a second volume the author will bring his history of medicine up to the present period.

THE second volume of the "University Debaters' Annual" (White Plains, N. Y.: H. W. Wilson Co.; $1.80 net) contains eight sets of speeches, the subjects being International Police, Preparedness, Compulsory Military Service, Federal Ownership of Telegraphs and Telephones, City Manager, National Prohibition, Literacy Test, and Compulsory Industrial Insurance. In only three cases do the negative speeches directly reply to the affirmative. In each of the other five all the speeches were delivered by students of a single institution, which had two or more teams debating the same question with other colleges or universities. This selection of matter, due doubtless to necessity, has no more serious disadvantage than to compel a reader to exercise his imagination now and then in perusing the rebuttal speeches. The institutions drawn upon are Swarthmore, Texas, Missouri, Yale, Wisconsin, Illinois, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, Clark, and Iowa.

ACCORDING to our own fallible judgment, "General Types of Superior Men," by Osias L. Schwartz (Badger; $2.50 net), is far from being "one of those immortal epoch-making works which appear only at very long intervals, and which leave an indelible, constructive impression upon the mind of the world"—as the publisher, quoting from no less a philosophical critic than Jack London, boldly announces. Yet the book is not without attractiveness, to some degree pathetic, as a personal document. The writer is an immigrant from Rumania, though evidently German by blood and tongue, whom poverty and hardship have predisposed to a definition of all vice as "capitalism," to a hatred of philistinism, and to a belief in the innately superior humanity of the working classes. His attempt to develop the conception of the superior type of man has led him somewhat unnecessarily far afield, without producing very definite results. His control of English syntax is faulty, though his vocabulary is resourceful, leading him, as a rule, to attach not less than four qualifiers to a substantive. But beneath the radical prejudice and, it must be said, occasional naïve ignorance, one discerns an attitude not only introspective, but deeply reflective, a certain fine insight, and a genuine humanity, fairness struggling with prejudice. While viewing the social situation simply as a class-struggle, he seems compelled to admit, rather sadly, that in point of fact philistinism is hardly less potent in the working classes than in the so-called "capitalistic."

A VIGNETTE of the Constad Crossing, Kansas, School as it was a little more than a quarter century ago is the groundwork of "The Rural Schoolhouse from Within" (Lippincott; $1.28 net), by Marion G. Kirkpatrick, of the Kansas State Agricultural College. The author has had abundant experience of rural schools and of general educational problems in a State largely rural. The freshness of his approach to a discussion of these problems and of means of making progress towards their solution is the delightful quality of a loosely written book: a book humanly rather than intellectually original. Telling of his conquest of the crowding difficulties of a one-room cabin schoolhouse on a creek, where fifty youngsters came to be taught without maps, charts, blackboards, or uniform schoolbooks, he leads up to a consideration of the organization of rural education, of the methods of rural pedagogy, of the means of awakening rural community feeling, of the rural church, and so on. His heart is plainly in what he writes, and his sympathy and first-hand experience—picturesquely manifest when he is speaking of disciplining obstreperous schoolboys, of managing the school board, and the like—are refreshing after books which make rural education a dehumanized affair of sociology and public administration. But to appreciate the homeliness of his book is not to forgive its poor organization and padded style.

A WIDE range of persons and publications is represented in the selections composing the volume, "Military Training in Schools and Colleges," compiled by Agnes Van Valkenburgh (White Plains, N. Y.: H. W. Wilson Co.; $1.25 net). The book, which includes matter on military camps, is divided into three parts: general discussion, affirmative discussion, and negative discussion. These selections are preceded by an affirmative and negative brief, an extensive classified bibliography, and a list of organizations for or against military preparation, from which literature may be obtained. The compiler has been commendably impartial.

THE all but universal confusion of the cicada with the locust is by no means remedied in the latest volume of selections from the writings of Fabre, "The Life of the Grasshopper" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net), though Fabre himself reveals the thread of error, historically, in one of the most charming essays in the book. In addition to grasshoppers, the essays concern crickets, locusts, and cicadas. It goes without saying that we have here, once more, all the sincerity, sagacity, keen sight and insight, and the ripe "human" flavor that have already made a half-dozen volumes of Fabre popular in translation.

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Beerbohm Tree

THE death of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree leaves London the poorer by a notable personality. That he was, beyond all question. He did not quite succeed to Henry Irving's place at the head of the theatrical profession, but there was certainly no competitor who distinctly outdistanced him. Though he was far from *being* a great actor, he *acted* the great actor to admiration. It was his one consummate performance. A histrion to the finger-tips, he never dropped out of his part. He "represented" in the grand manner. I often think that Charles Lamb's portrait of Elliston was a prophetic vision of Beerbohm Tree:

> You had a spirited performance always going on before your eyes, with nothing to pay. As where a monarch takes up his casual abode for a night, the poorest hovel which he honors by his sleeping in it becomes *ipso facto* for that time a palace; so, wherever Elliston walked, sate or stood still, there was the theatre.

Read Lamb's "Shade of Elliston" and "Ellistoniana," and you have Beerbohm Tree limned to the life. And I shrewdly suspect that Elliston, as an actor, stood in much the same class. Many of those great reputations of the past will not bear looking into.

The actor-manager of to-day is expected by the paragraphists and the public who hang on their words to play a part to which the simpler histrions of the past rarely aspired—to wit, the man of culture. (John Kemble and Macready, by the way, were actually men of culture; but it was not then the fashion to make a fuss about it.) Here Tree's talent and his education stood him in good stead. He knew both French and German well—I remember seeing him, in a French performance at the old Prince of Wales's, play Monte Prade in Augier's "L'Aventurière" to the Clorinde of Geneviève Ward. No one who has two supplementary languages can escape a certain enlargement of mind; and Tree had in addition a quick superficial intelligence which enabled him to keep abreast of the intellectual movement as represented in the newspapers. In the very early days of his management, he went to Bournemouth to see Robert Louis Stevenson, presumably with reference to "Beau Austin"; and Stevenson, who was vastly unimpressed with him, used to describe him as "fishing for an idea in the bottomless pit which he called his mind." But this was really unjust. Tree's intellectuality was by no means all window-dressing. If there were not many ideas, there was no lack of bright and clever phrases in his mind. His wit lacked the grace of spontaneity; it smelt of the lamp; but it was really wit, and—unlike the intellectual gifts of other famous actor-managers—it was his own. I have been told on good authority that he kept a memorandum book in which he noted down epigrams as they occurred to him, for future use. The result was that they were wont to seem a little dragged-in; but in themselves they were far from bad. The paragraphists attribute to him a recent saying: "I am in favor of peace at any price; and just now the price of peace happens to be war!" This may well be authentic, and it is excellent in its kind.

Another very real advantage Tree possessed—he was a man whom it was impossible to dislike. There was no malice and a good deal of generosity in his disposition. His egoism was of a simple, artless kind, which left even the cynic amused rather than disgusted, while to humaner spirits it positively endeared him. A compendium of the foibles of his profession, he was exempt from its meaner vices.

It is my melancholy privilege to remember his very beginnings as an actor. My first clear vision of him dates from 1879, when he appeared at an East End theatre, then known as the Garrick, in a comic opera entitled "A Cruise to China." It was in "The Private Secretary," a farce adapted from the German, that he made his first notable success. He was irresistibly funny as the Rev. Robert Spalding, the nincompoop curate who is the butt of the play. A noted eccentric, Penley, succeeded to the part, and played it thousands of times; but he was not so funny as Tree. About the same time, he appeared in "Breaking a Butterfly," a transmogrification of Ibsen's "Doll's House," by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman. His part was Philip Dunkley, who more or less answered to Ibsen's Krogstad. To this period, too, belongs a performance of Joseph Surface which some good judges greatly admired as a piece of conscientious realism. A conscientious effort it certainly was: in the Screen Scene I remember the perspiration running in torrents down the actor's face—a circumstance which may be taken by adherents of Diderot's *Paradoxe* as proving that he was inartistically carried away by the emotion of the scene. But it was in melodramatic character-parts that he found his true vocation. For these his commanding figure and his power of effective make-up eminently fitted him. It was in such a part, Haddon Chambers's Captain Swift, that he was the first to utter the now classic phrase, "the long arm of coincidence." His artistic reputation would have stood higher if he had never become a manager and cast himself for the heroic figures of tragedy.

It was in an absurd Russian nihilist drama called "The Red Lamp" that he made his deepest mark as an actor. He played a cunning old Chief of Police, named Demetrius. By a clever trick, he made his first entrance unobserved, in a crowded ballroom. Among the shifting groups, the audience suddenly became aware of the presence of a big, awkward, shambling, red-faced, white-haired personage, whom they did not at first recognize, but to whom their attention was strongly drawn by the fact of his materializing, as it were, in the centre of the stage. It was, in its way, a triumph of the art of make-up, and yet it illustrated the limitations of that art. No sooner had Tree opened his mouth than the familiar voice betrayed him; and after that the illusion was all gone, and one saw nothing but Beerbohm Tree vainly masking behind a false cuticle of red paint. So it was with his other masterpieces of make-up—his Svengali, for example, and his Fagin—and so it is with almost all masterpieces of make-up. The actors who are most famous in this branch of their art generally remind me of an old French farce in which an amateur detective, with a profound belief in his own genius, appears in every scene in a fresh disguise, only to be greeted by the first person he meets with cordial and unhesitating recogniton—"Hallo, Duval—why on earth have you got yourself up like that?" A few actors one has seen whose really plastic personality enabled them to get not only into the paint of a character, but into its skin. The most striking example I can recall is Olaf Poulsen of Copenhagen—a veritable Proteus, and withal a great comedian. There is no doubt, however, that Tree had remarkable skill in composing a mask for himself, even if he did not possess the faculty of subduing and transforming the personality behind it.

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He had not long been his own master at the Haymarket before he must needs plunge into tragedy and give us his reading of Hamlet. It was of this performance that W. S. Gilbert made a famous remark: he had not seen it, he said, but he understood that it was funny without being vulgar. In truth it was quite a passable Hamlet; for, as Macready pointed out, the Prince of Denmark is a part in which utter failure is almost impossible. Another venture of this period was Falstaff, which remained, I think, Tree's best Shakespearean performance.

When he crossed the street from the Haymarket to His Majesty's, and took to Shakespeare-cum-spectacle, he left his strength behind him and developed only his weaknesses. For heroic parts he was incurably unfitted. His woolly voice, his thick utterance, the pumping monotony of his declamation, with its meaningless fortissimos and diminuendos, made his delivery intolerably tedious; and he had no underlying force, or fire, or magnetism to compensate for these drawbacks. He had the fatal defect of inveterate self-consciousness: he was always watching and admiring his own poses. Though he plumed himself (as his occasional writings show) upon imagination, he had none of the imagination which takes fire at the poet's word, and repeats the creative miracle as it occurred in the poet's brain. It was the part of imagination, as Tree conceived it, to supply the poet's deficiencies by the invention of decorative business which he ought to have thought of, but didn't. Thus in the first scene of "Julius Cæsar," as Cæsar and Antony are leaving the stage, one of the Roman maidens must strew a handful of crimson rose-leaves in Cæsar's path, so that "mightiest Julius" may start at the omen of this seeming pool of blood, and Antony, in pantomime, may bid him keep up his spirits. Thus, too, at the end of the first act of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," where Captain Horster clinks glasses with Dr. Stockmann and wishes him joy of his discovery, the Doctor's glass must break and his wine be spilt, as a portent of disaster to come. In Malvolio, one of his most successful performances, Tree got not a single effect out of Shakespeare's words, but relied entirely on gratuitously interpolated business. For instance, Malvolio was followed wherever he went by a train of five pompous serving-men, made up to resemble each other exactly, and doing a sort of Prussian goose-step. At the line, "Jove, I thank thee," he raised his hat and looked up to heaven with a sort of confidential leer, which so enchanted the actor that he repeated it, at intervals, half a dozen times. This was the sort of imagination by aid of which Tree insisted on collaborating with Shakespeare and others. Of all his embroideries of business, I do not remember a single detail that seemed to me happily invented or worthy of imitation.

Much more pardonable was his infirmity of memory. With all the manifold details of a great production resting on his shoulders, it was practically impossible that he should find time to learn his words. None the less serious was the injustice he did his authors by fumbling after their text and often failing to find it or anything like it. Mr. Robert Ross, in a "Tribute" published the other day, says rather naïvely: "One of his great personal successes, I remember, was the occasion of his entirely forgetting his part in that rather tedious comedy, 'Beau Austin.' He forgot his words in such a graceful manner that the audience gave him practically an ovation." But what about the unfortunate authors? Would Stevenson and Henley have joined in the "ovation"? And is there any wonder that Mr. Ross found the comedy "rather tedious" with the part of Beau Austin omitted?

Tree used many devices to supply the gaps in his memory. It is related (though I do not vouch for it) that when he produced Mr. Zangwill's play "The War-God" for one or two performances only, he did not even attempt to learn the long part of Count Frithiof (otherwise Tolstoy), but had it printed in enormous letters on a long reel of paper which unrolled itself, like a cinema film, in a groove below the footlights, so that he simply read it as it passed before his eyes. Whatever the method, the result was not happy. I myself once had a little passage at arms with Tree on the subject of this foible. He had been good enough to send me a box for a revival of "An Enemy of the People" at His Majesty's; and at the end of the second act there came a knock at the door, and an intimation that Mr. Tree would like to see me. Very reluctantly, I obeyed the summons. "Well," he said, the moment I entered his dressing-room, "what do you think of it?" A most untimely spirit of veracity overcame me, and I found myself saying, "Oh, it'll be very good when you know your words." "What! Not know my words!" he shouted. "Well," I replied, "you know some of them." Whereupon he sent for the prompter, and made the poor man swear by all his gods that he spoke every line of the part. It may have been true that he sooner or later spoke most of them, but only with the prompter's very audible assistance. I made my escape as quickly as possible, and had just told my friends in the box of the little encounter, when the curtain rose on the third act. One of the first lines Dr. Stockmann had to speak was: "Oh, you've no idea what I've had to put up with to-day!" That speech the actor delivered with great feeling.

Those who knew him better than I did may perhaps be able to say whether he really believed himself to be a great actor. I cannot but think that he was too clever a man to be under a permanent illusion on the point. Certain it is that, after a few performances, he used to tire of his parts, and go through them inattentively and mechanically —which seems to indicate a certain measure of self-criticism. He was one day discoursing to the late Stephen Phillips—whom he brought to the front as a dramatist by his production of "Herod"—upon the manifold labors and fatigues of a manager's life: the business of the theatre, plays to read, rehearsals to conduct, social duties, etc., etc. "Ah, yes," said Phillips, "but remember, Tree, the splendid rest you have when you're on the stage!"

It has been my fortune on several occasions to sit on a committee with Sir Herbert, and, if ever there was a worse committeeman than myself, I think it was he. His mind was always on some totally different subject from that under consideration. A question would be raised, threshed out, settled, and dismissed; and then, ten minutes afterwards, Tree would waken from a trance, and want to go over all the ground again. His intentions were of the best, but there was no getting any business done in his presence.

The last time I spoke to him was after one of these committee meetings—it must have been in the spring of 1914, for Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion" was in rehearsal, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the part of the heroine. We came away from the meeting together, and he confided to me that the rehearsals had been a trifle stormy: author, leading lady, and actor-manager did not always see things from

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the same point of view. He repeated to me, with charming simplicity, what one of his staff had said to him: "You see, Governor, if you put a dog, a cat, and a monkey in a sack together, you must expect to have ructions." I did not ask him which was which, and have often wondered since how he cast the parts in his own mind.

Tree was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. I have given one or two examples above; but the best is yet to tell. In England, when a man is knighted, an interval of several weeks will often elapse between the appearance of his name in the honors list and the performance by the King of the actual ceremony. One day, while Tree's status was thus undetermined, a friend said to Max Beerbohm: "Tell me, Max, is your brother a knight, or is he not?" "Well," replied Max, "in the eye of the law he may still be plain Mr. Tree, but he is Sir Herbert in the sight of God." There is some advantage, after all, in living under a monarchy and rubbing shoulders with relics of the middle ages. Max's mot would have been impossible in America.

WILLIAM ARCHER

London, July 12

Notes from the Capital

Reed Smoot

REED SMOOT, Senator from Utah, whose part in the debate over the Food Control bill has drawn fire from more than one quarter, must have realized what it meant to the Administration to suffer so long a delay in the enactment of legislation vital to its efficiency in the war crisis. No man in the Senate, certainly, has had a more trying experience of being "hung up" by rambling discussion, for he was the subject of such a visitation which lasted for four years and nine months, when all the opponents of Mormonism united in an effort to crush his Senatorial aspirations. It was in the spring of 1902 that he announced himself as a candidate, and from then till February, 1907, he was bombarded with charges of moral obliquity, defiance of the Federal laws, and downright disloyalty to the Government, all based, apparently, on the simple fact that he was a member of the Mormon Church and one of its twelve apostles. They came from political adversaries, ecclesiastical organizations, ethical societies, women's clubs, popular gatherings, etc., till the petitions and other memorials against him directed to the Senate would have required six strong men to carry them into the hall if they had been heaped together. In spite of this deluge of hostile activities, the vote of the Senate to clear his name and confirm his status stood 42 to 28. The difference between such a delay as he endured and that which has hampered the food-control programme was an essential one; for he was already in the place he had sought, and the adverse forces were spending their strength in trying to turn him out again—a situation akin to that of an act of legislation which has been duly written into the statute-book, but which a party of objectors are striving to repeal.

Smoot is now serving his third term, and the fact that, by virtue of the latest amendment of the Constitution, he received his third election from the people instead of merely from the Legislature, indicates that he is pretty well intrenched. This is not strange in view of the willingness of the rank and file of the Mormon Church to vote for a wooden image if it bears the hierarchical seal of grace. But he has yet other claims. Had he not been a Latter-Day Saint he would still have been a leading citizen of Utah, a member of the "get-there" class from whom Western States are prone to choose their Senators; for as a business man he has few superiors in the desert belt. His father was an old-fashioned Kentuckian, who migrated to Utah, after becoming a convert to Mormonism and polygamy, and the Senator was born in Salt Lake City of the old man's second wife. His education went no further than the Brigham Young Academy at Provo City, and he began earning his living as a bobbin-boy in a woollen mill, but within six years he was the superintendent of the establishment, and thenceforward his ascent was rapid. To-day, at fifty-five, he is president or a director of a dozen well-capitalized Utah corporations, and listed commercially in the millionaire group. In all the financial affairs of the church his influence is paramount, and he is credited with having lifted it out of a pit into which it stumbled some years ago and restored it to the highroad of prosperity.

Various are the ways in which Western Senators acquire their partisan preferences. Of the late "Tom" Carter, of Montana, it used to be told that as a young attorney he drew lots with his law partner to see how they should divide politically, so as to be sure of getting practice from both sides, and happened to draw the Republican straw. Smoot chose a less wild and woolly method, though scarcely less unusual in the rapid era we live in. As the son of an unbending Democrat, he had heard all public questions presented at home from his father's point of view exclusively; but in the year of the Garfield-Hancock Presidential campaign, although Utah was not yet a State and he was not yet of voting age, his curiosity to learn something of both sides led him to subscribe to two newspapers, one Democratic and the other Republican. By the time the campaign ended he was ready to announce himself a Republican, and in that camp he has remained ever since.

There is nothing in Smoot's appearance to suggest the Mormon apostle, with whom we commonly associate an overgrown beard and the linen-duster habit. The few hideous woodcut portraits which adorned the provincial press during the long fight waged against him were enough to justify a person of unsettled opinion in entering the ranks of his enemies, for they represented him as a composite of slaughter-house factotum and tin-horn gambler. As a matter of fact, he is a very quiet and business-like-looking man, tall, spare, and dark-complexioned, with a narrowish face, a trim brown moustache, and eyes set just close enough together to give them a slightly peering expression. The tone of his face is serious, without being sombre. He dresses neatly but inconspicuously, and walks with the air of one who, though having plenty to do, has no notion of letting himself become worked up over it. His bearing throughout the struggle to unseat him was confident without brazenness, and his temperate way of meeting the attacks undoubtedly contributed not a little to his final success. One notable blunder in the campaign against him was its undertaking to do too much. Accusation was piled on top of accusation, scandal upon scandal. Many of his assailants proclaimed him a polygamist, but when put to their proofs had not a scintilla with which to back the charge, which was already discredited by every fact known about his domestic life. They declared that his prominence in the Mormon Church was a disqualification in itself, be-

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cause the apostles exercised authority in matters temporal as well as spiritual; but this he met with the statement that the temporal authority dealt only with the material interests of the church and did not affect matters outside. As to the continued practice of polygamy under church auspices, he denied that it was with the church's connivance, though making no pretence that it had been wholly eliminated by the Federal law against it. His own theory as to the most effective means of extinguishing the evil favored letting it alone, since modern enlightened public sentiment frowns upon it, and it is bound to die a natural death unless kept alive by ill-timed and ill-advised agitation.

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Finance

New York Exchange Rates in the Neutral Markets

FROM the economic viewpoint, the most interesting movement by far in this month's markets has been the rapid movement against New York of exchange on neutral European markets. Such rates were abnormally unfavorable to this country a fortnight ago. At 32¼ cents to the crown, Swedish exchange was then 12 per cent. above the normal Mint par, and the premium on Norwegian and Danish exchange was almost equally great. Last week, however, the rate on Stockholm went up to 33¾ cents, the other Scandinavian exchanges moving similarly. With the rates on those countries 15 to 17 per cent. above parity, exchange on Spain nearly 18 per cent. above the same normal level, exchange on Switzerland more than 12 per cent. out of line, and even exchange on Holland 5 per cent. against us, our markets were evidently in the presence of an important economic phenomenon.

For the depreciation in the exchange rates of the European belligerents which became spectacular in 1915, and which was accepted as evidence of their unfavorable position on international account, there were numerous explanations. Sometimes it was reversal of their trade balance with the outside world; sometimes the shifting of neutral capital from the belligerent markets to the markets of such neutrals as the United States. Sometimes it was abandonment of gold redemption by a fighting government, and the virtual depreciation of its currency.

To-day, therefore, when the United States is itself at war and the neutral exchanges move against it in this striking way, it is not unnatural that the question should be asked, Has not the fact of our entry into the conflict resulted in putting the United States into the same box as the European belligerents? The first and most obvious answer to this would be, that New York exchange on European neutral markets did not await our entry into war to move against the United States.

Exchange on Holland and the Scandinavian markets moved as much as 12 to 18 per cent. against New York as long ago as the early months of 1916. The rate on Amsterdam, in January of last year, was much more unfavorable than it has been in the recent movement. Only on one or two days last week did the rate on Stockholm and Copenhagen reach figures so adverse as those of May, 1916. The point of this comparison is its testimony to the fact that something else than our entry into the war must have been at work on these neutral European exchanges. Not only so, but it is also true that, when these adverse rates of a year or more again prevailed, the United States was everywhere recognized as at high tide of neutral economic strength. The further question, whether the present movement of exchange against New York does not have a more serious economic meaning than that of 1916, may perhaps call for closer examination. The answer to it would naturally be sought in the facts of our currency, of our trade, and of our internal finance.

Continental Europe had before 1915 suspended gold redemption of its hugely inflated paper currency. England, whose import of merchandise in 1913 was $3,845,0000,000, imported $4,745,000,000 in 1916, and that did not include the war material sent directly to the army; while in the face of that enormous increase, her exports were $155,000,000 smaller. But the gold reserve against our Federal reserve currency is more than twice as large as the law requires. Last Saturday it was 88¼ per cent., against a lawful minimum of 40 per cent. The notes are redeemed in gold, and we are freely exporting gold. We sent out $167,000,000 in 1916, and as much more in the present year to date, but transit of gold to Scandinavia is virtually impossible, and Spain accepts gold payment only at a considerable discount. As to our foreign trade, instead of the position turning against us, our export of merchandise, just reported for the fiscal year ending with last June, was $1,900,000,000 greater than in any other year, and our excess of exports over imports larger by $1,500,000,000.

In the month of June alone, our surplus of exports over imports ran $50,000,000 beyond any previous corresponding month, and exceeded by more than $200,000,000 any June showing before the war. Nor is that the whole story. In the last month reported on in detail, our exports to Sweden and Switzerland were double our imports from them, the same being nearly true of Spain; while from Holland and Norway we had virtually no imports whatever.

During the calendar year 1916 our exports to all these countries exceeded imports by $235,000,000. The case of England has been entirely different. From Holland she imported in 1916 $39,500,000 more than she sent to the Dutch market; her imports from Spain exceeded exports by $88,000,000; with the Scandinavian countries, the bal-

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ance was $155,000,000 against Great Britain. This was an excess of imports from those markets nearly $100,000,000 greater than in the last full year of peace.

The causes at work on England's exchange with neutral markets are therefore not operating in our own case. The home position of the United States and its trade with outside markets (even imagining an embargo on exports which neutrals might pass along to Germany) would hardly seem to be a situation making normally for a movement of exchange against New York. Yet here we have the New York rate on every European neutral market advancing far above the gold-export point, to a figure impossible under normal conditions of finance. The most plausible explanation yet advanced is that England, as is shown by the returns of 1916, cited above, has a heavy economic balance against her with those countries. Her exchange with Stockholm, for instance, was depreciated 14 per cent. a month ago, and to a somewhat larger extent with other European neutrals; and the depreciation is now considerably greater than then. The case of Paris is even worse. But, thanks to the large grants of credit by our markets and our Government, London exchange at New York stands less than 3 per cent. below the normal par.

It is assumed that bankers or operators in exchange may up to a given point effect remittances to London more cheaply (and the same is true regarding Paris), through purchase of New York exchange on a European neutral market, even at a premium, followed by purchase at the prevailing discount of a similar draft of that neutral market on London, than through purchase of a direct sterling remittance. The rather obvious fact (now as in 1916) is that the action of the neutral exchanges is part and parcel of the conditions created by our own market's financial assistance to the Entente Allies. That support, primarily for the purpose of sustaining their exchange market at New York, was being extended by our private bankers and capitalists in 1916 as it is by our Government to-day. But English and French exchange at European neutral markets was not then sustained, and is not now, as it is on the New York market; the consequence being that an opportunity exists for what used to be called "arbitrage operations" between the different exchange markets.

What this process would in actual effect signify, would be that our loans to our allies were indirectly being utilized —through the machinery of exchange, and without the Allies having themselves intended it—to give support to their exchange rates, not only at New York but in the European neutral countries.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

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Summary of the News

THE Allied offensive north of Ypres, the initial rush of which was reported last week, was—in spite of the hampering effects of a heavy downpour of rain coincident with its height—completely successful. With slight losses, the British and French troops advanced their line on a front of fifteen miles, from La Basse Ville on the River Lys to Steenstraete on the River Yser. Ten villages, including those named, were captured the first day, July 31. The Germans by counter-attacks recaptured St. Julien and some other ground along the Ypres-Roulers Railway, from which they were soon driven, and on August 4 and 5 the Allies made slight further advances. The total number of prisoners taken July 31 was 6,122, including 132 officers. In the fighting in Lens and its environs the Canadians have meanwhile made certain gains.

NEWS from the Russian front, on the other hand, continues to be depressing, though no great reverse has occurred. Czernowitz was captured by the Archduke Joseph on August 3, changing hands for the tenth time during the war. The next day Austro-German troops under von Boehm-Ermolli crossed the frontier into Russia to the northeast of Czernowitz; it was announced in Germany that all of Galicia was free from the Russians except a narrow stretch from Brody to Zbaraz, and that rapid progress was being made towards the complete liberation of Bukowina. The Russian official report of August 4 stated again that, "owing to reasons of morale, some of our troops are not making the necessary resistance." But no important captures of men are reported, and it is expected that upon Russian soil the defence will stiffen. The resignation of Brussilov as commander-in-chief has been accepted, and Kornilov, noted for his iron hand, has been appointed in his place.

MORE important than the slow and steady retirement of the Russian armies are the renewed internal difficulties of the nation. As a result of accusations of dishonesty and treason made against M. Tchernov, the Socialist Minister of Agriculture, and of a breakdown of the first efforts to bring the Constitutional Democrats into the Cabinet, a crisis occurred August 3. All the members of Kerensky's partially constructed Cabinet save one resigned, including Premier Kerensky, but he and most of his associates soon after withdrew their resignations. The executives of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council and Peasants' Council have reaffirmed their confidence in Premier Kerensky, and in the last few days he has taken up again the task of building a Cabinet in which the Constitutional Democrats shall have a place. Slated for Vice-Premier and Minister of Finance is N. V. Nekrasov; while among the Constitutional Democrats proposed are M. Oldenburg for Minister of Public Instruction, M. Astrov for Minister of Social Tutelage, and M. Nikitine for Minister of Posts and Telegraphs. Terestchenko, who is a supporter of the policy of a vigorous war in conjunction with Russia's allies, remains Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Tchernov, who has been cleared, holds his old post.

A LETTER from André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, to Secretary Baker, containing some surprising statistics as to the French forces and their recent losses, has been made public. It is stated that the strength in men present in the zone of the armies alone amounts to a little less than three million men, and that it is greater by a million men than that of the forces in the zone at the beginning. Of the 739 kilometres on the western front, 574 are held by the French, 138 by the British, and 27 by the Belgians. The industrial development of France for war purposes may be measured by the statement that, though the nation had when the war began but 300 heavy guns grouped in regiments, it now has 6,000, and that during the recent offensives there has been an average of one heavy gun for each 26 metres. The number of "75s" has been greatly increased, and the output of munitions now allows for 250,000 shots of "75s" and 100,000 shots from heavy guns daily. M. Tardieu states that France has reëquipped and re-armed the Belgian, Servian, and Greek armies, and that of the total of 82,647,000,000 francs she has spent she has loaned her allies 4,000,000,000 francs. The Commissioner's figures were presented with the object of combating misinformation and showing France "as she is, vigorous and powerful."

IN a notable address at Queen's Hall on the third anniversary of the British declaration of war, Lloyd George stated that "no one in Great Britain, France, Italy, or Russia, or even in Germany and Austria, has any idea how near we are to-day to the summit of our hope." He adverted to the Kaiser's recent declaration that the German armies are fighting to protect German soil with the remark that this declaration is unsatisfactory, because neither Kaiser nor German Chancellor has said that they would be satisfied with German soil. "They talk glibly about peace, but stammer over the word restoration. Before we have a peace conference they must learn to use the word 'restoration.'" On the same day Chancellor Michaelis declared in Berlin that "we will preserve our country by a strong and wise peace, in order that the German race may retain sure ground for its healthy and vigorous development."

AN extended official report from Rear-Admiral Gleaves upon the encounter of American transports and their convoys with German submarines in the Atlantic in June has been made public, and shows in a clear light the attack of which Secretary Daniels and George Creel gave such an inflated account. The Admiral shows that there were certainly two encounters with submarines, and possibly a third. In the first, late at night, a submarine was seen crossing the bow of Admiral Gleaves's flagship, and two torpedoes passed near another American vessel. In the second and more important, on June 25, two submarines were sighted, in broad daylight, 800 miles to the eastward of the spot where the first encounter had taken place. The first disappeared; the second, sighted two hours later, was seen in the very midst of a group of American vessels, and it seems certain that it was sunk by a depth-charge fired by a warship. The third attack, or supposed attack, occurred June 28, when a shape supposed to be a submarine was fired on by one warship, but was not seen by the others.

THE Government, acting through the Emergency Fleet Corporation, has taken over all steel ships above 2,500 tons deadweight in the course of construction at twenty-five of the great shipyards of the country, and issued orders that their building should be hastened under Federal control. Statement of the location of the yards and the exact tonnage of the shipping commandeered was withheld; the number of ships is less than 700, and an estimate places the tonnage at about 1,500,000. Extra shifts of workmen will be employed, and the yards rapidly cleared for construction of steel ships of a standardized type. The President has ordered a complete embargo on all iron and steel used in shipbuilding, to be effective August 15.

A WAR Revenue bill carrying an appropriation of $2,066,970,000 for the year ending June 30, 1918, has been reported to the Senate by its Finance Committee, and will be debated beginning the close of the present week. This measure carries $139,970,000 more than did the bill passed by the House. About two-thirds of the additional revenue to be raised by the measure will come from the taxes on incomes and war profits, the first to yield approximately $780,000,000, and the second approximately $560,000,000. The entire burden of the levy is placed upon direct taxes; the majority report accompanying the bill states that the country must face the probability in the near future of even higher direct taxes.

THE prohibition question has again risen in Congress. By a vote of 65 to 20 the Senate on August 1 passed the Sheppard resolution, calling for a vote of the forty-eight States upon a constitutional amendment for nation-wide prohibition. A proviso was inserted requiring that the necessary three-fourths vote of the States be registered within six years; in case it is not, the resolution is to lapse automatically. On August 2 a caucus committee of the majority in the House decided tentatively that the resolution should not be taken up till the next session of Congress.

THE House accepted August 3 the conference report on the Administration Food bill, representing a measure from which the objectionable amendments providing for an administrative board of three, and for a joint Congressional committee on the conduct of the war, had been shorn. It reached the Senate on August 4, and promised to pass there after a few days' debate.

THE Fusion ticket for the coming municipal election in New York city has been almost completed. Mayor Mitchel has accepted the nomination for Mayor, indicating that he does so at the sacrifice of his personal desire to leave the political field, and because he is assured that he alone can guarantee Fusion against defeat; Robert Adamson has been nominated for President of the Board of Aldermen, and Controller Prendergast and Presidents Marks and Pounds, of the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, have been renominated. The Fusion ticket will rest its campaign upon the excellent record made by the present Administration; its opponents are apparently prepared to attack it as extravagant, to assail the application of the Gary system to the schools, and to demand a fuller trial of municipal ownership of various public utilities. Tammany has as yet been unable to find heads for its ticket.

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